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No 350.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

BY EDEN E. REKFOR.

It was in the dusk of twilight when my Robert came to woo—
Came a-wooing, came a-wooing, with his heart upon his lips.
"Oh, I love you," said my lover, "I shall never love but you."
And my blanches, swiftly coming, put the roses in eclipse.
Then I saw the stars a-twinkle in the wide sky's azure dome,
And the while my lover told me of the love he had for me.
Tinkle, tinkle, rang the cowbells, as the cows came home,
And they seemed to set to music what my lover said to me.
"Tell me, darling, do you love me?" said my Robert, earnestly.
When the cows were waiting, watching, for my coming down the lane
Then he caught me, and he kissed me, and "I love you so," cried he.
"That I know your heart must answer, and I do not ask in vain."
Tinkle, tinkle, rang the bells then, in a chorus low and sweet,
Tinkle, tinkle, but the music of his words were sweeter far;
And I quite forgot my milking, in a gladness so complete.
While the patient cows stood waiting, till they missed the evening star.
Tinkle, tinkle! rings the music of the bells across the lea,
And the cows are coming homeward, but a sweeter sound than this
Greets my ears, for falling shadows bring my Robert home to me,
And I hear the merry whistle I will smother with a kiss.
Fling, flangle, ring the cowbells, and my Robert's almost home
Tinkle, tinkle, laugh the cowbells, and my heart is like a bird's
There's a step upon the threshold, and at last my Robert's come!
And the bells are all a-ringing with the music of his words.

Rifle and Tomahawk:

OR,
NED WYLDE, THE BOY SCOUT.

A Romance of the Sioux War.

BY "TEXAS JACK."
(J. B. OMOHONDRO.)

CHAPTER VII.

FOLLOWING WHERE THE ROSEBUD LEADS.

It was a strange, thrilling scene, there in that moonlit gorge of the hills, and for an instant the three, the scout, the Indian girl, and the unconscious woman, seemed like a group of statuary.
It would have made a startling tableau, with its background of overhanging trees, and steep mountain-side.
Upon the scout's face was a look of surprise, of doubt, and his hand rested upon his revolver. Had the one before him, she who stood in such a threatening manner, been a foe worthy of his steel, he never would have hesitated an instant, but made his revolver speak, while he took his chances with the arrow.
But could he fire upon a woman, even though she was a red-skin?
No; there lay one woman at his feet, who had already been foully dealt with; he would not commit crime, even in defense of his life.
Upon the face of the Indian girl hovered an expression of anger. She believed the woman at the scout's feet had been slain by the white man, and she almost let the arrow-head from between her shapely thumb and forefinger.
As still as death lay the woman on the grassy mound.
And thus the three remained for full a minute.
Presently the scout spoke; the suspense and silence were irksome to him, and he addressed the Indian girl in the Sioux tongue.
"What would the red flower of the mountain! Would she also raise the hatchet against the pale-face?"
"The Rose of the Rosebud is no warrior; the sight of blood dims her eyes; but she would send her arrow to the heart of the pale-face, if she knew that he had turned his hand upon a woman."
The girl spoke in pure English, and in a determined tone, which caused the scout to feel that she would keep her word.
After an instant, he said:
"The Rose of the Rosebud would do well; none but a coward would strike a woman; but lower your arrow and aid me here, for sadly does this poor girl need aid—more than I can render her."
"I am a scout of the pale-faces, and I am on the trail of the warriors of your tribe. Near the village of your people on the prairie I found this woman, wounded and insensible, and I brought her here."
"It has been said that the Rose of the Rosebud was beautiful and held a good heart; she is before my eyes and I see that their tongues are not crooked who thus speak of her; let her also show me that she has a good heart, by caring for this poor girl—then she can set her warriors on my trail and I will meet them."
Instantly the arrow and bow were cast down, and the maiden stepped forward timidly, while she said softly:
"The Rose of the Rosebud loves the pale-faces, and her heart yet troubles from a great danger from which a white brave saved her."
"What! when were any of my people here?"



A wild war-whoop answered him, and turning quickly he found himself in the arms of the desperate Long Bow.

"When the moon was yonder on the tree-tops, a wicked warrior sought the love of the Rose, but she had no heart for him, and in revenge he would have thrown her from the cliff; but a pale-face scout threw his lasso about her and saved her life.
"The braves of my tribe came up, and pursued the Long Bow, but I did not tell them that in the tree above their heads was a pale-face enemy, but let them go on the trail of the warrior with a bad heart."
"Why, the moon was on the tree-tops not an hour ago—can there be another scout than myself this near the Indian village?" said the man, glancing at the distance the moon had traveled from the line of forests to which the maiden had pointed, and speaking more to himself than to her.
"Yes; the Rose of the Rosebud saw not his face; but her heart told her he was a pale-face."
"When the Biting Wolf took her to the village of her people, she left him, and she was now going back to the cliff to see if she could find the brave pale-face and thank him."
"Where was the cliff on which you left him?"
The maiden pointed to the eastward, and said:
"Under the shadow of the mountain yonder."
"And your village is in this direction—why is the Rose of the Rosebud so far off the trail?"
"The Rose would not be seen by the keen eyes of the Sioux braves; was she not going to meet an enemy to her race?"
"True; the tongue of the Rose is straight—I will not doubt her; will she prove her love for the pale-faces and aid this poor girl?"
"The Rose of the Rosebud will care for the pale-face maiden as she would for her own papoose; let the brave scout follow, and he shall see that the Rose speaks with a straight tongue."
Raising the still insensible form lightly in his strong arms, the scout followed the maiden up the gorge, leaving his faithful steed to await his coming.
A walk of half a mile brought them to a wild and picturesque scene—the end of the canon overhung by lofty precipices, over which dashed a wild torrent of water, falling in wavy masses to the bed of the gulch below.
As though familiar with every inch of the way, the Indian girl led the scout through the dashing spray, in behind the waterfall, and darkness fell upon them.
"Where is the Rose? I cannot see," said the scout, hesitating.
No reply came to his question, and again he repeated it.
Still no answer.
"The roar of the cataract drowns my voice. I will call her: Rose, where is the Rose?" and the deep voice of the scout rung above the noise of the falling waters.
Still no answer came, and around him all was dark as death.
But, suddenly, he beheld a glimmer of light; it came nearer, and the next moment the Rose of the Rosebud stood before him, a pine torch in hand.
With a motion of her head she bade the scout to follow, and by the light of the burning faggot he saw that he was in a dense cavern.
Without hesitation he walked on with his precious burden, and soon came to where a glimmer of moonlight was visible.
The next instant he stood in an open space, the moonlight falling full upon him.

Above him upon every side towered lofty precipices, fringed with mountain pine, and he saw that he was in a bowl, or well, shut in upon every side—with perhaps the trail through the cavern the only entrance.
Upon a large tepee, made of dressed skins, upon which were sketched rude figures of various kinds, the moonlight fell, and before the raised entrance crouched an old, white-haired woman, of a darkly-bronzed skin.
Upon her hair the light fell, making it look like threads of silver, and her thin arms and ankles were encircled by numerous rings, or bands of gold and silver, while her attire was scanty, but of the finest-dressed buckskin, heavily beaded and ornamented.
At a glance he knew her, though he had never met her before; she was the famous Medicine Queen of the Sioux.
"Here let the scout leave the pale-face maiden. In the tepee of the Medicine Queen she is safe," said the Rose of the Rosebud, quietly.
The man laid the graceful form upon a bed of skins, and turned away, after one long glance into the lovely face, a glance that caused a shudder to pass over him, and his stern lips to quiver.
"Now let the pale-face scout go far from here, for the braves of my people will strike his trail with the morning sun," said the maiden, quietly.
"I will go, but one moon I will return—perhaps sooner, for I would know if—*if* Mari—if the woman lives."
"The Rose of the Rosebud is as good of heart as she is beautiful; farewell!"
The maiden waved her hand, and the man turned away, the burning eyes of the Medicine Queen fixed upon him, but her lips sternly silent.
A moment more and he was gone, retracing his steps by the same way he had come.
Without difficulty he found his horse, and mounting, slowly rode from the gulch.
As he reached the lower end a rifle-shot broke on his ear, and the next instant three horsemen dashed by.
Two were whites, dressed in uniform—the third was a Crow Indian.
They were riding at hot speed, and behind them came thundering hoofs—half a hundred Sioux were in full pursuit.
The scout was no man to pause when duty demanded action, and wheeling into a ravine, he opened a hot and telling fire upon the coming Sioux, with his matchless Evan's rifle, and in a confused mass down went horse and rider in the Indian advance.
When pelts were prime he was happy; out of trapping season he was indifferent.
Several years before he had been severely wounded, in a skirmish with the Sioux, but, determined that they should not have his scalp, he clung to life and crept away, as he believed to die.
And wounded and suffering, at bay in a

mountain gorge, wan and desperate, Montana Mike found him one day.
From that day the two became fast friends, for Montana Mike had nursed his wounded comrade back to life.
As for Mike Massey, or as he was oftener called Montana Mike, he was a stern man of forty years of age.
He possessed a splendid physique, was as brave as a lion, a perfect plainsman, and had been bereft of home, wife and children by one fell blow dealt him by the Sioux.
Then he took to a trapper's life, and, alone and sorrowful, he passed his days far from settlement and town.
Though wholly unlike Old Solitary, he yet formed a great attachment for him, and the two trapped together, until the gold-fever became contagious in these parts, and the two cached their traps to hunt for the precious metal.
But they soon found that while they were hunting for gold the red-skins were hunting for them, and, after some time spent in the mountains, they learned from a Crow Indian, a scout, that an army of whites were marching in search of Sitting Bull and his band.
Well aware of the haunts of the Indians, and convinced that gold-hunting was not their forte just then, the two determined to scout around, gain all the information they could and then seek General Crook's command, when they would volunteer their services.
In this move they were urged by their intense hatred for the Sioux, for they both had a debt of life to pay—especially Montana Mike, whose wife and children were yet unavenged.
It was while on a scout near the mountain camp of the Sioux that Old Solitary was instrumental in saving the life of the Rose of the Rosebud, and upon his return to the lay-out where his comrade was awaiting him that he so unexpectedly came upon the desperate struggle on the brink of the cliff.
In his flight, after being thwarted in hurling the Rose of the Rosebud from the cliff, it was by accident that Long Bow dashed into the solitary camp where sat Montana Mike in gloomy silence, awaiting the return of the old trapper.
Both men discovered each other at the same instant, and, springing together, a deadly struggle ensued.
A moment after the Sioux, who was fleet of foot, and had followed on after Long Bow, rushed upon the scene, and at once sprung to the rescue of the one whom a moment before he would have sprung upon in mortal fury, for he was also a lover of the Rose of the Rosebud, and was anxious to put so formidable a rival out of the way, besides being anxious to win favor in the maiden's eyes by punishing one who had insulted her.
But, though the Long Bow was his rival, and also a foe, the pale-face was doubly his enemy, and he determined to aid in his death first, and then settle accounts with his brother warrior.
How his plans were disarranged by the coming of Old Solitary the reader has seen.
Recovering his equilibrium, after having fallen flat on his back, Old Solitary gazed anxiously down over the precipice.
A fearful picture met his gaze; but he had expected something horrible as the sequel of the tumble over the cliff.
Twenty feet below there was a small projection on the side of the rocky wall—a knob of rock seemed partially split off from the main stratum, and in the crevice, thus formed, soil, sufficient to nourish a few small shrubs and a slender sapling, had accumulated.

To this sapling, bare of leaves, and apparently of little strength, Montana Mike hung with tenacious grasp—while below him, clutching vainly at the shrubbery in the wall's side, and which snapped or tore loose with his weight, the scout had a fleeting glance of Long Bow.
Still further down proved that he was but a mangled mass of humanity.
"Thet ar' a skulp gone - an' thar ar' another," said Old Solitary, as Long Bow slid on down the steep wall of rock and was lost in the gloom below.
The next second he expected to see Mike follow; a moment just then to him seemed as long as an hour, and his quickest movement seemed as slow as a funeral procession.
"Hold hard, pard! Don't move a muscle, or blink yer eyes. Ef yer does, durned ef yer mother 'll know yer in hev'ing," he shouted, as he slung his lasso downward, and ran backward a dozen steps without waiting to see the result.
Taking a hasty turn around a tree, he proceeded to fasten the end.
Rapid as were his motions the strain upon the lasso came before he was ready for it—the rope tightened, the noose was drawn close around the tree—Montana Mike was evidently swinging clear at the other end.
How all was to end he knew not, but he worked with all his might, in tightening the knot, while the violent strain upon the lasso suddenly relaxed.
"Great grizzlies! is he let go?"
A wild war-whoop answered him, and turning quickly he found himself in the iron arms of the desperate Long Bow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

"THANK God! Allen, you have returned. I feared for you greatly; but what news?"
The speaker was General Crook, seated in his tent, attired in an undress uniform, and surrounded by the small army he commanded, and which was pressing hard upon the war-path of the Sioux.
The person addressed was an elderly soldier, well formed, and with a fearless, determined face, that was now haggard and wan, while his clothes were torn, his uncovered feet bruised and bleeding.
Behind him stood two others, the one a soldier, also badly used up, and with an arm in a sling made of a piece of blanket—the other was a Crow Indian, with stern, impressive face, and if he felt fatigue he certainly kept it well hidden.
"And we liked never to have returned, general; we got into a tight place, sir," replied the old soldier, addressed by his commander as Allen.
"Take a drink all of you, for you need it, from your looks, and then tell me of your trip," said the general, kindly, and having with alacrity obeyed, Sergeant Allen said, in a brisk voice:
"You see, sir, we followed your instructions to the letter, and pushed on until at night we got so near to the Sioux villages that we could hear them pow-wow like mad."
"The moon being bright as day, sir, we just sought a hiding-place for ourselves and horses, and while Foster and myself were sleeping, and the Crow Injun here-a-watching, we were awakened by wild yelling over toward the Sioux village, and the next minute on the cliff above us appeared an Injun warrior, and Lord love you, general, he was swinging around his head a young gal, we judged."
"Well, sir, seeing that he was going to throw her over the precipice, I up and fired, and so did the Crow. You see we never thought of two things in our hurry—that we might kill the gal, as well as the Injun, and, if we missed both, we would fetch the whole village down upon us."
"Yes, it was a most imprudent act; I thought you had more judgment, Allen."
"And so I have, sir, where a petticoat ain't concerned. With women I always was a fool, and I couldn't bear to see the young squaw toppled down three hundred feet."
"And your gallantry nearly cost you your lives; but, go on—you killed the warrior, or the girl, or both?"
"No, sir, we missed them both—missed everything but the cliff, and the next moment the Sioux gave the girl a sling clean off from his hands; but there came the rub, because she didn't fall, but swung back and disappeared in the shadow of the trees."
"Perhaps her dress caught in the branches and saved her?"
"It might be, general; anyhow, the Sioux got scared and ran off, and soon we heard a party hot on his trail, and we laid low, I tell you, sir."
"It was a strange adventure, Allen; but tell me, what more did you discover?"
"Not much, sir, except that we discovered that the Sioux had discovered us, and as we dug out down the gorge we heard a pistol-shot and several wild war-cries above us, and suddenly down the face of the cliff came a dead Indian, or if he wasn't dead then, he was when he struck bottom."
"Well, sir, we came to a sudden halt, I tell you, general, and glancing up we saw two men clinging to the side of the cliff: one a white man, the other a Sioux; for the moonlight fell brightly upon them, and they were holding on to tooth and nail, but what to, the Lord only knows."
"One was a white man, you say?"
"Yes, sir; but we had no time to tarry, for the Sioux were hot on our trail down the can-

on, and we let out as fast as we could go; and on coming out upon the prairie, we rode close under the shadow of the mountain, until we saw a horseman dash out, and believing him to be a Sioux, we struck off over the plain.

"But he wasn't a Sioux; no, sir, not he! for he opened on our pursuers as if he had a whole regiment of rifles, and I tell you the Sioux pulled up."

"Did you not turn back to his aid?"

"No, sir; you gave us no orders to aid anybody—only to find out where the Indians were encamped. I was afraid we would not get back to tell you what we had seen if we turned back to help the horseman."

The general smiled at the reply of the sergeant, and then said:

"You were certain he was a white man?"

"Yes, sir; we saw him fire from a small ravine, and the flash of his rifle lighted up his form; he rode a dark bay horse, and was dressed in buckskin."

"Fearless Frank! as I live! Sergeant, I hope to God he has met with no harm. I wish you had turned back to his aid, after he so bravely came to your succor."

"Had there been only a few Indians in chase, I would have, general; but there was fully a hundred of them; besides, it was the scout you speak of, sir, he can look out for himself; at any rate, I am thankful to him, for he saved our lives, as the Indians did not pursue us, and here we are."

"When was this, sergeant?"

"A little before daylight, sir—and we pressed our horses hard until they failed us, and the last twenty miles came on foot."

"It was twenty hours ago then. We are nearer the Indian village than I believed. Now go and get some food and rest, and in the morning I will question you again. You and your comrade have done well, sergeant."

The sergeant and his comrade saluted politely, and with their Crow companion turned away to leave the tent.

As they passed out, a tall, commanding form strode into the presence of General Crook and his officers, and politely removed his broad-brimmed slouch hat, looped up upon one side with a pin representing a silver arrow.

"Thank God! Fearless Frank, you are the one of all men I most wished to see," and General Crook warmly grasped the hand of the tall, splendid-looking man before him.

"Yes, general, I have come," and the man threw himself into a camp-chair, a tired look upon his face, which was pale and stern.

It was the scout who had rescued the woman from the grave, and the recognition of whom had so moved him.

The same man, who, single-handed, had thrown himself between the two soldiers, the Crow scout, and the pursuing Sioux, and who, in some mysterious way, had escaped the deadly danger he had so fearlessly confronted.

(To be continued—continued in No. 318.)

ORDERED ON DECK IN MEMORY OF ONE WHO DIED AT SEA.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

In the night our messmate woke and hearkened
To the hurrying footsteps overhead;
"Tis my watch, I'll go on deck," he said,
In his eyes the life-light faded and darkened;
And he fell back—dead.

At my messmate to the deck we'll take him!
Steady, steady, steady, steady, steady;
Lay the good ship to, upon her track
Silence fore and aft, lest we awake him
Sleeping there beneath the Union Jack.

Solemnly the final prayer is spoken
Round about the grating, hush in hand,
With heads sadly bowed his comrades stand;
Then the awful hush is rudely broken
By the dreaded word—the last command!

Then we launch it from the weather-railing,
Down into the waters cold and gray;
And the shotted hammock sinks away
Far beyond all mortal sight and hearing,
No e'er to rise until the Judgment Day.

Mark you yonder waves in white commotion!
Hark!—the combat storm's low undertone!
Lively, now, lads—lively every one!
We must leave our comrade with the ocean,
With the brave old ocean, all alone.

BIG GEORGE. The Giant of the Gulch.

OR,
THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MI-
NER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC
PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

PHANTOMS OF THE NIGHT.

A SHADY figure gliding through the night. Striding swiftly where the shade is densest. Crouching low down, almost crawling, when the silver moon or twinkling stars shine out brighter from the fleecy clouds. Starting at every sound, now crouching down beside a boulder with finger on trigger, with face showing ghastly pale through the smoldering beard, with eyes bloodshot and wild—the eyes of a desperate, hunted beast, eyes that see a bitter, merciless foe in every bush and stone, in each whisper of the wind among the scraggy pines and cedars, in the silently waving shadows; with ears that hear the swift tramp of the avenger of blood drawing nearer and nearer with each passing moment.

A man whose life from youth has been one of wild adventure and reckless daring; a man whose bravery had become a proverb, now trembling with fear—a very craven, frightened of his own shadow.

On, with throbbing heart and whirling brain, with limbs that dragged like lead. Panting, breathless, yet still on, fearing to pause, spurred on by that horrible dread—suffering death even in life.

He enters a narrow canon, the walls rising high upon each hand. He shudders as he enters the gloom. It seems like a grave—like being buried alive. Yet he dare not pause. Terror impels him forward.

A low cry parts his lips. The sounds behind him grow plainer and more distinct. He can hear the echoing tread of horses' hoofs—the occasional clink of an iron-shod foot upon the flinty rocks. Imagination no longer. The avenger of blood is upon him!

A bitter groan bursts from his lips. Like an echo comes a wild, mocking laugh—a laugh so fiendish, so malignant, that it chills his very heart. Despairingly he raises his pistol—but whither aim? The mocking notes come from above, from in front, behind—from every direction; yet no one is visible—only the gloom of night, rendered still deeper by the faint twinkle of the stars peering down between the walls of the deep canon.

Hunted down, feeling that escape was impossible, one spark of his former manhood returned to the fugitive. He raised his pistol to his own head, and pressed the trigger. Since

die he must, he would at least escape the torture.

But even this was denied him. Though his hand was steady enough, and the weapon faithful, the leaden bullet idly spent its force upon the senseless wall, far above. A snaky coil cut the air, and the despairing wretch was flung heavily to the ground, saved from suicide—for what?

Stunned and bruised, he was yet sensible of what ensued; like one in a dream.

He knew that a dark figure approached and bent over him, loosening the lasso, and feeling of his heart, to see if he yet lived. He heard a low murmur of satisfaction, then a louder tone as the shadowy figure announced his success. He knew that other forms descended from the perpendicular walls, glided up from the pass beyond, while still others rode into the canon, pausing by his side. He heard voices, but could not distinguish the words. He felt that he was being disarmed. That stout thighs were being twisted around his limbs and body. That he was being lifted up and bound securely upon the back of a horse. Then the cool night air fanned his damp brow as he was carried on through the valley, along the trail he had so lately traversed. Then—his mind seemed to give way. The earth seemed swimming around him—felt himself falling—falling down an unmeasurable depth!

Then all was blank. It seemed as though he was dead. Better for him had this seeming been reality!

A weird, peculiar scene!

A small, basin-like valley. The mountains, dark and forbidding with their robes of somber pines and cedar shrubs, mottled here and there with a ragged boulder gleaming an unearthly white beneath the light of the moon, towered high upon every side, seeming to penetrate the clouds. The bottom of the valley, level and smooth as a floor, was covered with coarse sand and gravel. A dozen dark-robed figures were ranged in a semi-circle. Before them knelt another form, kindling a fire with flint and steel. Beyond this, a single figure sat upon horseback, covered from head to foot with a sable robe. At the animal's feet lay a bound and helpless man.

The fire crackled and snapped. Its forked tongues crept in and out among the resinous twigs. Its glow began to drive back the pale lustre of the moon, to fill the little amphitheater with its ruddy glare, to light up the somber figures, to reveal their stern, forbidding features.

At a gesture from the horseman, those forming the semi-circle flung aside their cloaks and blankets, each man holding a barred blade in his right hand. Then the cowed figure spoke—its voice sounding hard and metallic.

"Vandez, prepare the prisoner for judgment."

The man addressed advanced to where the captive lay. Stooping, he bathed the man's face with strong liquor. Frying open the tightly clenched teeth with the point of a knife, he allowed a portion of the brandy to trickle down the prisoner's throat. Rude as the treatment was, it proved efficacious. With a long sigh, the wretch opened his eyes and glared around him.

A convulsive shudder agitated his frame as his eyes noted the stern, silent figures, and read the truth—that his worst fears were realized.

"Prisoner," uttered the cowed figure, in the same icy-cold voice, slightly bending his head, the better to look down upon the captive's face. "You are here to be tried for your life. Listen to the charge against you. Vandez, proceed."

"I charge the prisoner with being one of the men who, under command of Captain Harry Love, four years ago this month, did foully murder, among others, two men whose death we have solemnly sworn to avenge—so help us Mary, Mother of Jesus!"

For a moment there was breathless silence as the sonorous voice died away. Then the cowed figure spoke again.

"Prisoner, you have heard the charge read. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"It's a lie—a foul, black-hearted lie!" cried the captive, throwing all his power into one effort to burst his bonds; but in vain. A cunning hand had applied them.

"Thomas Hardress, alias 'Hammer Tom,' listen," coldly added the masked rider. "Four years ago there lived a man, whose name was Joaquin Murietta. He was outlawed, a price set upon his head. For what? Because he sought revenge against those who had blackened his whole life—those who had robbed and flogged him; those who had hung his brother like a dog for another man's crime; those who had outraged and murdered his innocent wife. If he committed crime, if he stained his hands in blood, had he no excuse? Men said not—and they offered five thousand dollars for his head. To earn this blood-money, you and your fellows hunted him down, murdered him like a wolf. You cut off his head—with the hand of Manuel Garcia, Three-fingered Jack. You took them to San Francisco. You received the blood-money—and then you placed the head and hand in a cage, so that every cowardly cur whose blood turned to water whenever they heard his name spoken, could come and revile, spit upon all that remained of the Mountain King and his faithful friend! You boasted of your brave deeds—you and your noble comrades! Little did you think you were uttering your death-warrant to those boasts—that even then the avenger was upon your trail—that your names and descriptions were being taken down by one who had sworn never to rest until the last one of your number had met with the same fate that befell him—but so it was. Four have been punished. You are the fifth. Thomas Hardress, prepare for death!"

Again the stretched captive sought to burst his bonds, raving, cursing and begging for mercy alternately; but he was fighting against the inevitable.

At a sign, two stout men grappled him, holding him immovable. Then the masked rider dismounted, taking the long, heavy knife which Vandez extended. The weapon hung for a moment, poised in mid-air. Then it descended. A wild yell broke from the captive's lips. The blood spirted from his maimed head. The little finger was missing.

Again the weapon rose and fell.

The fire crackled and snapped. Its ruddy glare fell upon a terrible object. The headless trunk of a man. Upon the still quivering chest, lay a mutilated hand. Upon this hand rested a head, its features horribly distorted and convulsed.

"Brothers!" uttered the cowed figure, in a clear, cold voice. "Thus shall perish all those whose hands were stained with the heart's blood of Joaquin Murietta, our master and king! Advance and, with me, renew your oath!"

With right arms elevated above the mutilated corpse, each hand clasp a knife, the blades crossing, the avengers repeated the stern, deadly oath of vengeance after their chief.

"It is well!" declared the chief, resuming

his seat in the saddle. "Now to complete our work. See to the carrion, Vandez. The night is growing old, and we have a long trail to follow."

Turning, the chief led the way up the steep ascent, his horse following the narrow, winding trail with the activity of a goat. Bearing the hand, the head, the trunk, his followers came after. Fifty yards above the valley, the masked rider turned aside into a dense clump of shrubbery which concealed the entrance to a narrow pass through the mountains. A number of horses were tethered here, and, after binding the body upon one, the avengers mounted and followed their chief through the night.

For several hours they rode on rapidly, that length of time sufficing to carry them close to their destination. Before them lay a rude collection of buildings—a mining town. Halting, the chief uttered a few directions in a low voice. Vandez listened in silence, and bowed respectfully at its conclusion. Then he, with two others, took up the horrible burden, and cautiously entered the town.

Vandez went in advance, as though to make sure that the way was clear. Twice he uttered a low, warning hiss, and the trio sunk flat to the ground, lying still and motionless as logs. But the alarm proved unfounded, and as often they proceeded, finally pausing near the center of the town.

The headless trunk was carefully composed upon its back in the middle of the street. Up-

on its breast was placed the severed hand, supporting the head.

One cautious look around, then the trio stole

stealthily away.

A moment later, a dark figure cautiously crawled toward the corpse. The moon passed from beneath a cloud, its silver rays lighting up the frightful object.

The measured tramp—tramp of horses' hoofs came from the edge of the town. The avengers were riding away.

With a low, grating snarl, the dusky figure rose erect and darted away in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded.

CHAPTER XVI. STARTLING TIDINGS.

"Er a feller can't sacrifice himself for a pard, then what's the use in livin'?" and Cotton-top nodded impressively at his own shadow upon the floor, while twisting off a section from a plug of "bright navy." Slowing this away in his cheek, he resumed.

"Nobody but a durned hog'd want everythin'—a critter couldn't go an' stay, too. They'll be high jinks, I reckon, of the boys on-ly strike pay-dirt—more fun then you could shake a stick at! Bullets an' steel'll be free to all—the'll be more holes punched an' slits cut then they is fleas under a greaser's blanket! Ef only—but he 's, an' that settles it!"

The big digger bit his speech short off, with a quick, vicious nod, though his eyes crossed the room with a half-regretful, half-resigned glance, resting upon a sleek, motionless figure which occupied the rule, blood-stained cot.

Little Cassino lay there, his face white and pinched, seeming still paler from contrast with the dark mustache and pointed beard. He lay like one dead; only a keen eye could have detected that he breathed.

"He looks like a picture!" muttered Cotton-top, with an admiring look. "Ef his sweetest could only see him now—she'd just feel right over, past savin'. Looks so soft an' delicate—like a suckin' baby. An' yit—just see him in a shindy! Geeromagoos! It's better'n a bally-dance jest to see him wade in like a forty thousand horse-power injun b'iled down an' poured into a man's hide—it is."

The little thread of sunshine, streaming in through a crack in the slab door, stole up and covered the doctor's face. As though the touch was magic his eyes opened with a vacant stare. A broad grin overspread Cotton-top's face, as he arose and creakingly advanced, on tiptoes, to the bedside. At the sight of his countenance the puzzled look fled from the doctor's eyes, and a little smile lit up his face.

"Hallo, old man!"

Those three words gave Cotton-top more genuine pleasure than would the discovery of a pocket of gold. With a half-choked chuckle, he began capering around the room with all the grace of a grizzly bear fighting hornets, not a little to the amusement of Little Cassino, but who, at last, was fain to call a truce.

"Enough's as good as a feast, old man—suppose you come to anchor, and tell me—how in thunder I came here, in bed—and what it all means, anyhow!"

"I hain't felt so good since my fust drunk!" declared Cotton-top, with a long breath, wiping his perspiring brow.

"That's more than I can say," put in Little Cassino, with a stifled groan. "I feel as though I'd been run through a thrashing-machine."

"Not much wonder, neither," interrupted Cotton-top, more soberly. "You're a sight all over—you be so! A lump on your head bigger'n a pumpkin; a bullet through your left ham; a knife-jab in your side—a little deeper 'nd you'd went to glory by 'press! Then you've got more bumps an' bruises."

"But hove!" persisted Little Cassino, puzzled. "We were up in the box where that devil of a Pepper threw the knife!"

"Then you fainted—fell down all in a heap, like as ef your bones'd turned to quicksilver. You skart us right peart, now I tell ye! Your boot was chuck-full o' blood, an' they wasn't no more starch in ye then in a wet rag; you lay so limber when we picked you up. The 'fentment, I reckon, kep ye try tell the last notch; then you giv' way all in a heap to onest. So we brung you yere—"

A low cry came from the wounded man, as he glanced swiftly around. An awful expression came into his eyes, and he would have sprung from the cot, had not Cotton-top firmly restrained him.

"Here—in my office! Tell me—where are they?" he cried, in a harsh, strained voice.

"Ef you mean them Pepper boxes, they've gone," quietly replied Cotton-top. "Thar—take it cool an' easy, now, an' I'll give you the hull details, fur I knows 'em, that is. But you must keep calm, them's the orders. In paws yere, an' your nerve. My reputation's at stake, an' I can't hev you ruinin' it an' cuttin' your own throat by any sech dummy dices—you mind that."

"I'll be quiet—only tell me what has happened. I have a deeper interest in it than you think."

"Now you're talkin' sense—good stud-hoss sense," and Cotton-top nodded approvingly. "So here goes. I don't s'pose they's any need o' my goin' back o' the time when you kerdum-maxed—"

"No—I can remember up to that. Tell me what followed."

"I'll do it—like a bird! You know what we'd discovered: that the orderly Lie Pepper had flung the knife which cut the rope. Then Dandy Dave kem in an' said as how Red Pepper hed run away with the little singin'-

bird; the one the muss was about, t'other night—"

"I know—go on," impatiently.

"That busted the dam—they wasn't no holdin' the crowd back then. You know how much dirt they've back from them imps o' adshur an' himsdone land, all for want o' somebody to take the lead aginst 'em. That wasn't wanted no longer. Dandy Dave stirred 'em up that time, clean to the bottom. They was just one yell—I reckon you kin guess what th'it was. The hull outfit—'cept me 'nd Bart Noble, who stuck by you—made a break for outdoors. They run here, jest a-billin' over. They meant business, chuck up, you bet! I reckon they'd 'a' jest nat'ally chewed—"

"Would I have—then they didn't?" interrupted Little Cassino, excitedly.

"No—'ca'se why: they wasn't nobody fer to chaw up. The pizen rais was gone, lock stock an' barrel—'levanted, vamoosed, cut stick, skeddaddled, pookahsed! Geeromagoos! but wasn't the boys hot when they found it out, though? I reckon you kin smell the cuss-words in the air now, of you try hard."

"What did they do, then?" persisted Little Cassino.

"All they knowed how. Some s'arched the town, others scattered through the hills, but they'd made more goin' bug-huntin' to the moon. Not a durned one on 'em struck a lead."

"O! Bart an' me, we brung you over yere, an' put you to bed. When he done up your wounds, he sez to me, sez he: you stay right hyar an' don't you take your glimmers off a him—mind that! He said he reckoned you mought pull through; 'twas more the war an' tar of the last few days then your hurs as knocked you over. A good long sleep an' rest in spell would—"

"Never mind me—I'm all right," restlessly cried the doctor. "About her—has nothing been done?"

"Cool an' easy does it, pard," quoth Cotton-top, who was something akin to a mule. "I hain't come to that part yet. Lord! Doe—I tell you last night won't be forgotten in these parts very soon. The devil's imps was cuttin' up thar outdoinest, I tell you! The fust gang o' boys what kem back—what d'y' s'pose they stumbled aginst, fust thing, not twenty feet from whar Woodpecker found his pard! Hammer Tom—you knowed him, I reckon; the man as tuck sick when they read that paper on Salt-peter."

"You don't mean to say—?"

"I jest do," declared Cotton-top, soberly. "S'arved jest like they did Salt-peter; head, hand an' little finger; an' a dagger stuck in his kartridge pinnin' down a bit o' paper with the same words on as t'other paper—only a figger five, 'stead o' four."

"Still another! Great heavens, when will the end come! Pard—the next one will be me—jest it!"

Cotton-top uttered a cry of wonder.

"You want to see o' them?"

"Yes—I belonged to Harry Love's band. At the time I believed our cause was a holy one—and I think so still. But if it was wrong—God knows I've suffered enough to atone ten thousand times! I'm no coward—where I can fire a danger, or know who I am fighting against; but this—there! Let it drop now, old man. Only one thing—Keep a close tongue. Don't breathe a word of what I have told you. I have not been idle. I have my suspicions, and if they are true ones, this is a terrible mystery will be cleared up before many more days. Now—tell me the rest. Has any're been done for this poor girl?"

"Bart Noble tuck hold o' that," said Cotton-top, in a subdued tone. "He made it all as plain as mud to me. He said them Peppers all played the same hand, an' Big George was king-rod o' the paddle. He was dead stuck on that gal. Red Pepper kerried her off, more'n likely for his brother, sence they all pulled up stakes at the same time. It stan's to reason they'd go to the place whar they could make the best fight, of so be they should be followed in almost. Whar would that be, unless ef the Gulch, whar they could hev thar gang to fight for 'em!"

"That's the way Bart read it, an' he acted on it, too. He called the boys together, an' made a speech, runnin' over what I've told you, an' a-alongin' in a lot o' sharp bits 'bout the dirty stories the country in gin'ral would hev to say—"

Just here came an interruption. The door was flung wide open, and a man stumbled across the threshold, falling upon his hands and knees. With an angry cry, Cotton-top leaped to his feet and seized the intruder. A moment more and the man would have been flung into the street, but Little Cassino cried sharply:

"Hold—it is a friend, Cotton-top! Let him down, old man—it's all right."

The giant obeyed, though reluctantly.

"A dirty, sneakin' greaser!" he sniffed, contemptuously.

"But a friend, if I mistake not, nevertheless. Now, my man, you want to see me? Quick—out with it!"

"He sent me—Jose Sylva," replied the Mexican, edging further away from the scowling giant. "I am Gaspar."

"I know—I have heard of you from a friend. What did Jose Sylva bid you tell me?"

"He said for you to come—has he had run the game to earth. He said us wup and spul—"

"What gasus? Speak out, fool!"

"The big red-haired man—"

"Red Pepper!"

"Yes. There is a woman with him—"

"Cotton-top, get my horse—quick!" cried Little Cassino, springing to the floor and grasping his clothes.

"You can't go—you'll kill yourself—"

"I will go! I swore to him that I would care for and protect his wife, and I'll not fail her now. Go—get the horses—there is not an instant to lose! Go, I say—or I'll think you an enemy instead of a friend!"

With one reproachful glance, Cotton-top left the building. Though his limbs trembled beneath him, Little Cassino hurried on his clothes, questioning the Mexican the while, and before Cotton-top returned with the horses, he had secured his weapons and was ready for the road.

CHAPTER XVII. FLEEING FROM VENGEANCE.

With a chuckle of diabolical satisfaction, Little Pepper witnessed the terrible fall of the young gymnast. Leaning far over the box-railing, he glared down upon the quivering man, and licked his thick lips as he noted the little rill of blood creeping down the aisle, over the space left vacant by the startled saddle.

But the one glowing look was all Little Pepper allowed himself. The devil's promptings gratified his thought of his own safety. And as he drew back, a bitter curse hissed between his clenched teeth. His gaze rested upon his knife, sticking firmly in the woodwork directly opposite. A single glance told him what a fa-

tal witness this would prove, if left where it hung until other hands found it.

Leaving the box, Little Pepper hastened around the circle, but to his intense disgust found that both doors of the boxes between which hung the knife were locked. He dare not attempt to force them, lest he should be overheard and taken in the act.

"They's only one thing—pookahsed!" he grated, cursing his headstrong passions, now that it was too late. "A blind man could see whar the knife kem from—an' everybody in the house knowed I was in that box. They'll be the devil's delight kicked up—I reckon the quicker we slide out o' yere the better for our healths."

Reckless as he was, the dwarf did not exactly fancy the meeting with Big George, bearing such tidings as he must. He succeeded in leaving the building, unmolested, but so leisurely did he move that as he emerged, he heard the struggle in the alley that greeted the appearance of Red Pepper and his victim. Not until he heard the voice of his brother did Little Pepper divine the truth, but then he acted promptly. The sounds guided him, and shambling around the corner, he reached the spot where their horses had been tethered, none too soon.

Two men were fighting desperately over the prostrate figure of a woman. Like a bull-dog Little Pepper sprang at the rear of the big Mexican, and so hampered him that Red Pepper instantly ended the struggle with a down-right stroke of his bowie. Snatching up the woman, he leaped into the saddle, calling to his brother:

"Tell George I've got her—but thar's h—! to pay! Tell 'em to hunt her horse—hot foot!"

Like an ape, Little Pepper climbed into the saddle and thundered off in the tracks of his brother, too cunning to run direct for his lair. Then circling around, he left his horse with the others, and hastened on to the doctor's office, reaching it just in time to check Pepper-pot, who was justly forth to learn the cause of the uproar.

"Go saddle the critters—quick!" panted the dwarf. "It's for life or death—a minnit may lose our scalps!"

"What's the row—speak out!" growled Big George, springing from his cot, unmindful of his wounds.

"Jack's got the gal, but we bed to fight fer it—hafs a dozen galoots rubbed out," rapidly replied the dwarf, making no mention of the tragedy within the theater. "They made us out—we put 'em on a blind trail, but they'll be yere after you fellers soon's they take a second thought. Nothin' 'll save us but legs—an' mighty long ones, at that!"

"Get the horses—yours and Dick's—lively! I'll see to Sam," ordered Big George, throwing on his outer garments and weapons, then turning to his wounded brother.

Bavily hard though he was, Black Pepper showed no lack of "grit," bearing the torture without a sign other than by grating his teeth together as though he would grind them to powder. Their bitterest enemies could not deny them the possession of brute courage and endurance in an uncommon degree.

While Big George was adjusting his clothes, Black Pepper recapped and inspected his revolvers, with the air of one who meant business. Scarcely was this accomplished when the four horses were brought to the door. The wounded man was lifted into the saddle, and, to make all secure, a trail-ropo was wound around his body and fastened to the saddle. As for Big George, the excitement had effected a marvelous cure. He moved around as though perfectly sound in mind and limb.

"Keep close to me," cautioned Big George, as he settled himself in the saddle. "Ride slow until out of hearing

they trotted into the square, and the firelight revealed their persons. That they were well known and feared was plain.

Big George dismounted and strode forward, calling aloud for Diego el Cojo. A little lame fellow immediately left one of the gambling tables and hobbled forward, grinning obsequiously.

"My brother is hurt and needs looking after," said Big George, tersely. "I must leave him in your charge. You will watch and nurse him as your own life. I will come for him in a day or two. If he is not alive and well, I will cut your throat. You know me. On his life hangs your own. Off with you, now, and get ready for him."

The Mexican ventured no reply, but hopped away, closely followed by the brothers. Black Pepper was carried into the little hut, and placed upon a rude bed. The Mexican bent over him for a moment, then arose, with an air of relief.

"He will live, señor. In one week from now he will be ready for the saddle or the 'andango.'"

"So much the better for you, then!" rudely answered Big George, turning away and mounting his horse. "On, boys! there comes the rain. We must make the gulch in time to get ready for those bloodhounds!"

But he was doomed to be disappointed, recklessly as they pushed their animals. An hour later, and when they were still five miles as the crow flies, from their retreat, they made this discovery. Big George was riding in front. They were nearing the crest of a high ridge. In the valley beyond lay the direct trail to the gulch—in fact the only one at all practicable for horses. A grating curse broke from the giant's lips as he scooped low in the saddle and reined back his horse.

"Too late! they're ahead of us!" he snarled. Dismounting, the brothers crept forward, peering down into the valley. Full two score horsemen were trotting past, heading up the valley, and so close at hand that more than one face could easily be recognized. At their head rode Barton Noble and Dandy Dave.

"There's only one chance," growled Big George. "We must leave the critters and try it over the hills. They won't care about riding in too brass, thinkin' we're there. Maybe they'll fool away enough time for us to get in the back way. Anyhow, it's all that's left us."

Shipping their horses they hid saddles and bridles, that made all possible speed along the tangled trail. It was hard work, especially for the dwarf, but they were playing for large stakes, and accomplished wonders. The distance was traversed more rapidly than one would suppose, and soon they were within a quarter of a mile of their retreat. But the worst remained. An almost perpendicular cliff had to be scaled, and this could only be done by means of the lasso. This consumed much precious time.

Without pausing for breath, Big George slid down into a deep ravine just across the divide, followed by his brothers. With their aid he pushed aside a heavy boulder, revealing a narrow opening in the hillside. Entering, they pulled the stone back again, by means of the lasso, then groped their way along the narrow tunnel as best they could in the intense darkness, for full fifty yards.

Then a faint light showed before them, fitting through a dense clump of vine-matted bushes. Close to this Big George paused, bending his ear intently.

He started back, stifling a furious curse. The sound of voices were now audible. And one at least was that of an enemy—that of old Bart Noble!

"They were too late! The enemy was ahead of them!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345)

COMING.

BY MARIE LE BARON.

Oh, stars, ye are too bright, too bright:
Oh, moon, seek ye a cloud:
The little birds that sing at night
Sing all too loud, too loud:
I list to hear my love's heart beat,
I wait the coming of love's feet!

Sweet roses, open your crimson hearts
To kids of night's warm air:
All flowers have their counterparts,
The rose is my love's heart beat.
Burn out in passion a splendid flower,
A flame to light love's languid hour.

Ye winds that play with growing leaves
And seek the sweets of earth,
Lie quiet where the moonbeam weaves
A web of shadow bright,
Nor dare to touch with tenderest care
One ringlet of my darling's hair.

Oh, list, she comes! Fall down, bright dew,
Her gown; she is night's queen;
Pale, sky, at sight of eyes so blue,
Like lightning eyes in sheen;
Thro' pulse, I would not have ye dumb,
Count fairy footsteps as they come!

Corsairs of History

I.—LAFITTE, THE "PIRATE OF THE GULF."

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Upon the Gulf shores of the present State of Mississippi still stands an old mansion, which a century ago was the home of a French nobleman and his two sons, driven from the land of "sunny France" as an exile.

With sufficient wealth left to purchase for himself and sons a comfortable home in the New World, to which he fled, the old exiled noble passed his days in the improvement of his possessions and the education of his boys, who were of the age of twelve and fourteen when they landed in America.

For years after their arrival in this country, the exiles lived in comfort and contentment together, if not in happiness, and soon became devoted to the land of their adoption, though they missed from around their homestead hearth the loved form of wife and mother, who lay buried across the seas, having died a year before they had sailed from St. Maloes.

Without the gentle influences of woman's presence, the two boys grew up to man's estate, uncheckered in their wayward, and somewhat wild career, and far and wide were known as splendid horsemen, crack shots and swordsmen, and thorough seamen, for their lands led down to the waters of the Gulf, upon which the youths passed days of their lives.

But a shadow crossed the threshold of their door, for between the brothers there suddenly sprang up a hatred as bitter as their love for each other had formerly been strong, and the secret of this change of feeling was that both of them loved the same woman, a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighboring planter.

Though a coquette, as most women at best are, and have a right to be as an offset to the wiles of designing men, the maiden could not love both brothers, though she strove hard to do so; but yet she was more deeply interested in the eldest youth, which, the younger discover-

ing, so infuriated him that, Cain like, he determined upon revenge.

Returning late one night from the home of his ladylove, the elder brother was suddenly startled by the sharp report of a rifle, a flash, and a mad plunging of his horse, while a sudden and piercing pain shot through his head, causing him to reel in his saddle and fall heavily to the ground, just as the form of a man rapidly approached the spot.

But the aim of the would-be assassin was uncertain, and the ball had but momentarily stunned its intended victim, who, springing to his feet, grappled with his surprised assailant, and drove a knife into his heart.

With a cry of horror he started back, as a ray of moonlight broke through the skurrying clouds and showed him that he had slain his own brother.

"Oh, God! Thou hast given me greater misery than I can bear!" he cried, in an agony of grief, as he staggered toward his horse, sprang into his saddle and dashed madly away.

For miles and miles he kept on at the same mad pace, until his tired horse suddenly stopped at the banks of a bayou, where, riding at anchor, was a small vessel that had evidently come in there to seek a haven from the storm, that had been sweeping over the waters of the Gulf for some days past.

Against the bank was tied a small *brigantine*, which, after turning his horse loose, the sorrowing man entered, and steered directly for the craft out in the stream.

That fugitive from home, from justice, from himself, was Jean Lafitte, the one who, in after years, became famous as the "Pirate of the Gulf."

From that night Jean Lafitte shut out from his heart all memories of country, home, father and brother, and an outcast, with the stain of Cain against him, became a wanderer, leaving a stigma upon his name and character behind him, and not knowing, until long after, that his aged father had never spoken again after the knowledge that one of his beloved sons had taken the other's life, or that a year had gone by after that fatal midnight meeting by the roadside, the woman of his love, the idol of his affections, had gone to an early tomb, the victim of a broken heart.

Sailing from the shores of America that same night of bitter memories, Jean Lafitte left behind him a name accursed, disesteemed, when his brother's blood rested upon his soul, to clear himself by condemnation of the dead.

After several voyages in different ships, to Europe, Africa, and to the Indies, Lafitte became the mate of a vessel, that, in a heavy gale off the Cape of Good Hope, was seriously injured, which caused the captain to bear up for the Mauritius, where, as he had had a quarrel with his commander, Lafitte refused to continue the voyage, and remained.

Soon after Lafitte was appointed captain of a privateer then in port, and putting to sea, he at once began a course of piracy, and after a long cruise he turned his vessel into a slaver, carrying a cargo which he intended to dispose of at the Mauritius.

Chased out of his course by an English frigate-of-war, Lafitte found he had no provisions sufficient to last him, so boldly attacked, with his schooner of two guns and twenty-six men, an armed war vessel, vastly his superior in crew and cannon.

Taking command of his new capture, Lafitte cruised upon the Bengal coast, where he fell in with the *Pagoda*, a ship carrying twenty-six guns and one hundred and fifty men, and belonging to the East India company.

With his true character unsuspected, Lafitte boarded the *Pagoda* and took possession of her, after a sharp conflict.

Returning then to the Mauritius, Captain Lafitte took command of *La Confiance*, of twenty-six guns and two hundred and fifty men, and sailed for India, where, off the Land Heads, in the fall of 1807, he fell in with the East Indiaman, *Queen*, which was manned with a crew of four hundred men, and carried forty guns.

Though he well knew how superior to him was his enemy, Lafitte boldly determined to attempt her capture, and having made his men, by a few ringing words, willing to follow him to the death, he boldly ran down upon the *Queen*, and boarding her over the stern drove the enemy before them toward the steerage, when Lafitte turned upon them one of their own guns, when the English surrendered, and the slaughter, which had been fearful, ceased.

From that victory Lafitte won a name as a most intrepid and daring seaman.

From the Indian Ocean Lafitte sailed for the Gulf of Guinea, capturing en route two richly-freighted vessels, and with his booty he steered for St. Maloes, his native place, arriving there in safety.

For some time the pirate chief, or as he called himself, the privateersman, remained at his native place, engaged in visiting the scenes of his boyhood, and the old haunts known to his grandfather before him for many generations; but tiring at length of a quiet life he set to work again, and fitting out a fast sailing and seaworthy brigantine, he armed her with twenty guns, and manned her with a crew of one hundred and fifty men.

In this vessel he sailed, still calling his craft a French privateer, for Guadeloupe, and from thence to various points among the West India Islands, making a number of valuable prizes.

From there he sailed to Carthage, and then to *Barrataria*, where he eventually established a most formidable piratical stronghold.

Barrataria is that part of the Louisiana coast west of the Mississippi, between Bastien bay on the east, and *Bayou la Fourche* on the west; about two leagues from the open sea is the harbor, and the island which was the rendezvous of the smugglers and pirates, for an illicit trade was carried on in those days by many merchants of New Orleans and the *Barratarians*, the numerous bayous, passes and lagoons, intersecting the land from the coast to New Orleans, forming a perfect network of communication.

Becoming most formidable after a while, and more audacious in their acts, the government of the United States sent an armed expedition, under Commodore Patterson and Colonel Ross, to attack the *Barratarians* and break up their stronghold, though most of the piratical crafts were then sailing under Carthaginian colors, having received commissions from the newly-declared government of Carthage to cruise under its flag against Spanish vessels.

At the time of Commodore Patterson's attack, the pirate fleet numbered ten vessels, all under command of Jean Lafitte, then holding the rank of commodore; but, not desiring to fire upon the Americans, the pirates fell back upon their fort and vessels, and many made their escape, among whom was Lafitte.

The several attacks made upon the *Barratarians* by the English, however, were different, for the pirates drove them back with considerable loss, proving thereby that Lafitte was thoroughly American in his feelings.

On September 23, 1814, an English brig-of-war appeared off *Barrataria*, and after firing a shot at a vessel running in, she came to an-

chor in the entrance of the pass, and hoisted a white flag.

Observing her strange maneuvers, first hostile toward the *Barratarians*, and then peaceful, Captain Lafitte went out in his barge to reconnoiter, and came upon the brig's pinnace rowing ashore under a flag of truce.

In the pinnace were two officers, one of whom hailed the pirate barge and inquired for Lafitte. Desiring to remain *in loco* to, until he knew their intention, Lafitte replied that they could see that person on shore, and received from one of the officers a sealed package addressed to M. Lafitte.

The unknown chief then invited them to the shore, and when their pinnace was near enough to the land to be in his power, he informed them that he was Lafitte, and that he would protect them from his crew, but that they must conceal from them the object of their visit.

A large crowd of pirates lined the shore as the barge and pinnace arrived, and a cry arose to seize the English as spies and carry them to the American army at New Orleans.

But Lafitte quelled the tumult and led the English officers in safety to his quarters, where, making them his honored guests, he broke the seal of the package addressed to him, and eagerly perused the contents.

The package contained a "proclamation addressed by Col. Edward Nicholls, in the service of his Britannic Majesty, and commander of the land forces on the coast of Florida, to the inhabitants of Louisiana." A letter from the same person to "Monsieur Lafitte, commandant of *Barrataria*," and an official letter from the Honorable W. H. Percy, commander of the British sloop-of-war *Hennes*.

Captain Lockyer, the bearer of these letters, and commander of the brig-of-war that was anchored in the pass, then made known to Lafitte that it was proposed that he should enter the service of Great Britain, with the rank of post-captain, and be placed in command of a forty-four-gun frigate; to this was added "a free pardon for himself and followers, if they would join, with their commander, the service of England; also, a check for thirty thousand dollars, payable at Pensacola, was to be given him if he accepted the terms."

Lafitte replied to Captain Lockyer that he required several days for consideration, and departed from the island giving orders to have his visitors conducted safely back to their ships.

But the pirates were determined to seize upon the English crew of the pinnace, and in a short while they, with their officers, were securely bound by the infuriated mob, who intended sending them to New Orleans.

Word was at once sent to Lafitte, who returned and once more quelled the mutiny, but not without bloodshed, and Captain Lockyer departed with his men and were soon on board their vessel.

The next morning, Lafitte having determined upon the course he would pursue, addressed the following letter to the brig's commander, sending it by a special messenger:

"To CAPTAIN LOCKYER, 4th Sept. 1814.
The confusion which prevailed in my camp yesterday, and this morning, and of which you have a complete knowledge, has prevented me from answering in a precise manner, to the object of your mission, nor even at this moment, can I give you all the satisfaction you desire. However, if you could grant me a fortnight, I would be entirely at your disposal at the end of that time."

"You may communicate with me by sending a boat to the eastern end of the pass, where I will be found."

"You have inspired me with more confidence than the admiral, your superior officer, could have done himself; with you alone, I wish to deal."

"Yours, etc.,
"J. LAFITTE."

Appearing by this letter to favor the plans of the English, Lafitte thereby gained ample time to carry out his views, which were so widely different from what was desired by the British.

Arming himself with the letter left in his possession, the intrepid seaman boldly entered New Orleans, where a large prize was set upon his head, and placed before Governor Claiborne, then the chief magistrate of the State, and General Jackson, the offers made him by the English, while he at the same time tendered the services of himself and followers in behalf of the American cause, asking only that a stop be put to the prescription against himself and his adherents, by an act of oblivion for all that had been done them before."

In his own words he said: "I am the stray sheep, wishing to return to the fold, and if you were fully acquainted with my past life, the cause of my embittered career, and the nature of my offences, I should appear less guilty, and, perhaps, still worthy to discharge the duties of a good citizen."

Should not a favorable answer be returned, Lafitte declared his intention of at once quitting the country, to "avoid the imputation of having co-operated with the enemy."

At the expiration of the fortnight, the brig again appeared on the coast, accompanied by two others, and Lafitte sent word to Captain Lockyer that he "had decided to refuse the generous offer made by England to a pirate chief," and with this answer the British vessels-of-war were put to sea.

The result of Lafitte's interview with Governor Claiborne and General Jackson, was a free pardon to himself and adherents, should they enroll themselves in the American army. Most of the pirates of *Barrataria* accepted these terms, and during the battle of New Orleans, ever memorable in American history, won the greatest praise, and honored distinction by their gallant services, for under their daring leader, the buccaniers, as artillerymen, poured a galling fire upon the British line, which recoiled in dismay from before that fatal river battery.

Says an eye-witness of the battle: "A twenty-four pounder, placed in the third embrasure from the river, drew, from the fatal skill and activity with which it was manned, even in the heat of battle, the admiration of both Americans and British, and became the point most dreaded by the advancing foe."

Here was stationed Lafitte, and his lieutenant, Dominique, who, with a band of their men, fought with unparalleled bravery.

"Two other batteries were manned by the *Barratarians*, who served their pieces with the steadiness and precision of veterans."

A column of the enemy pressing forward cleared the ditch, and leaping over the parapet gained the guns further up the line, when Lafitte, discovering the bold move, called out in ringing tones:

"Boarders, repel boarders! follow me!" and with a number of his best men at his back, he sprang to the point of danger, cutlass in hand, and attacked the foe, who, astonished at the intrepidity which could lead men to meet them in a hand-to-hand encounter, and pressed by the suddenness of the charge, which was made with the skill of practical boarders, bounding upon the deck of an enemy's vessel, the British gave way, and two of their officers having fallen before the cutlass of the pirate chief, they fled in mad haste from the spot."

After peace had been declared between Great Britain and the United States, Lafitte, al-

though made famous by his gallant exploits, and considered as an honorable citizen, tired of a life of ease, for there was a demon in his soul, a "still, small voice" of remorse that forced him to seek scenes of excitement, to drown his bitterness.

In vain he struggled against this burning desire to again sail under the flag of the free, and to impress himself with the innocent past, ere his life had known sorrow or crime, visited the home by the Gulf, where he had passed in happiness many of his youthful years, in the companionship of his father, brother, and the woman of his love.

The old mansion he found in ruins, the tomb of his father and slain brother overgrown with rank weeds, and but a simple, moss-clad mound to mark the resting-place of the maiden he had so madly loved.

Still more embittered by the sad change which Time had wrought, Lafitte decided upon his future course, and returning to New Orleans fitted out a swift-sailing vessel, which he armed, and manned with a number of his old followers, proceeded to Galveston Bay, Texas, in 1819, and offered his services to General Long, who commissioned him, authorizing him to organize a fleet and assume command thereof.

This Lafitte did, and he was the first man who commanded a vessel sailing under a Texas flag.

But the pirate chief could not still his yearnings for a more active, daring career, and ere long his acts brought down the vengeance of the United States government upon him, and an American vessel-of-war was sent into the Gulf of Mexico to watch the famous rover's movements, although at that time he had been appointed Governor of Galveston.

Having heard of several of his cruises being swept from the seas, Lafitte found that the hand of Justice was against him, and in a fit of desperation he fitted out a large and fast-sailing brigantine, mounting sixteen guns, and selecting a crew of one hundred and sixty men, he put to sea without commission, hoisting the black flag of the pirate, which up to that time he had never sailed under.

A British sloop-of-war, then cruising in the Gulf, hearing that Lafitte himself was at sea, determined to make war upon all nations, and neither to ask or give quarter, went in search of him, and one morning sighted "a long, dark-looking vessel, low in the water, but having very tall masts, with sails as white as the driven snow."

As the sloop-of-war had the weather-gage of the strange sail, she hoisted down upon her, crowding every inch of canvas, within him, the stranger was Lafitte, who, determined to sell his life dearly, beat to quarters and opened fire upon his enemy, doing great damage.

The sloop-of-war reserved her fire until near her foe, and then poured in a terrific broadside, followed by volleys of small arms.

The fire was most disastrous, and many of the pirates were killed, but Lafitte remained unhurt; and turned to meet the British, who were boarding him over his starboard bow, and a terrific combat ensued.

Lafitte received two wounds, a deep cut in his side, and a shot that broke the bones of his right leg, but yet, fought like a tiger, his daring crew imitating his example.

At length Lafitte fell to the deck, and by his side fell, severely wounded, the captain of the sloop-of-war; unable to rise, but with the fires of unconquerable hatred burning within him, the pirate raised himself upon his arm to drive his dagger to the heart of the Englishman, but his arm faltered, for the tide of his life was ebbing fast, and the blade descended into the thigh of the officer, was withdrawn, leaving the wound with despairing vengeance; and again was the keen weapon raised, while with his left hand the pirate chief felt for his foe's heart; for his eyes were already blinded by the approach of death; again the dagger descended, burying itself deep in the cheek, though the hand that drove it was palsied on the instant by death, and Lafitte, the pirate of the Gulf, was a corpse.

Of the remaining crew under Lafitte, sixteen were executed and the remainder pardoned.

Thus perished Jean Lafitte, the "Pirate of the Gulf," a man endowed with every noble trait to make him an ornament to society, but whose life was one long drama of crime.

HONEYMOON REFLECTIONS.

BY J. ASHBY STERRY.

"Tis over! It is done at last!
The fetters Cupid forges
Were riveted quite hard and fast,
Last Monday, at St. George's.
A shoddy craft with simple means,
A priest intoning neatly,
A bishop and two rural deans,
Had tied the knot completely."

And so you're on your honeymoon,
And wear a golden fetter;
You speculate 'tis rather soon—
"Is it for worse or better?"
You're thinking of a year ago—
Treat just such sunny weather—
But somehow time went not so slow
When we were two together."

A year ago, those pretty eyes
A world of truth reflected;
A year ago, your deepest sighs
I never half suspected;
A year ago, my tale I told,
And you were glad to listen;
You were as pure, as good as gold,
Or any maid fresh kissed."

In life's brief play you chose your part,
Poor little foolish vendor!
You sold your trustful, loving heart
For shoddy and for splendor.
The sky so blue, the sea so glad
Brings joyous recollections;
And yet you seem a world too sad
For honeymoon reflections."

A Wild Adventure.

BY KIT CARSON, JR.

SAM S. HALL, "Buckskin Sam," and old Rip Ford were trapping in the Arkansas River region. They were men of desperate courage, who had taken their lives in their own hands too often to care for the dangers they were exposed to. Old Rip was a man who stood five feet eleven in his moccasins, a man whom you would hardly care to meet in the close tug of a desperate battle. His hard, brown face was seamed with scars from bullet, knife and claws of wild beasts, and his muscular body showed the marks of many a desperate struggle.

"Buckskin Sam" was the best ideal of a mountaineer and plainsman, the western hunter that the novelist paints and the schoolboy dreams of and wishes some day to be. Although not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a man of great personal strength and desperate courage. For many a year these two had roamed the trapping-grounds together fighting Indians, grizzlies and wolves, chased by night over the burning prairies, defending their camp against the sudden attacks of red fiends or spending recklessly at the monte-board the money they had earned so hardily on the trapping-ground.

They had been out all winter, and as spring approached, the last cache was covered and the trappers began to think of returning home. The camp was built up near the river, a tributary of the Canadian which flowed through dismal canyons, in which the light of day never shows, under the shadow of giant cliffs upon which human beings never yet set foot, and only spreading out at places where the cunning beaver had built his dam. The river was broken by great rapids, and abounded in rare fish upon which they feasted royally for many a day. They had a canoe, and had been discussing the chances of going down the stream in that, in order to save time.

"I am ready to take the chances if you are, Rip," said Sam.

"I don't like it," replied Ford, who was by far the most prudent of the two. "I—huh! what in Jehu is that?" They seized their weapons and ran to the door of the hut, just in time to see a dozen Indians running down through the grass, blocking up the only way of escape. The moment the repeating-rifles began to play upon them they went out of sight among the rocks and began their gradual approach, which could only end in one way—the white trappers would be overwhelmed.

"There's only one chance, Rip," cried Sam.

"And that?"

"The canoe."

"I am your man," cried the giant trapper. "You push the canoe into the water and throw in the weapons while I keep these fellows at bay. Oh! would you! Take that!"

An Indian had raised his tufted head to get a better shot at the trappers, but before he could get back, the unflinching eyes of the trapper had looked through the double sight and the rifle cracked. The Indian sprang suddenly to his feet, spun sharp around upon his heel, and fell dead in his tracks.

The next moment the canoe shot from the bank and headed down through the boiling flood, plunging in the canyon below so rapidly that the Indians had scarcely time to recover from their amazement at the sudden exodus before the trappers were out of sight. One of the Indians bounded to his feet and uttered a low signal-whoop, and two large canoes, containing in all about fifteen men, rounded a point in the river above the canyon and came flying down under the strokes of the paddles. The Indians on the shore simply pointed down the stream, and the canoes dashed by at a furious speed, the wild yell of the paddlers announcing to the white men that they were pursued. The first rapid passed, they entered a long stretch of water where the current was only five miles an hour, and there the propelling force in the other canoes began to tell, and the Indians gained rapidly.

On each side of the canoe the canyon was like a wall, two hundred feet in height, and the trappers could only put all their strength in the paddles and dash on as fast as they could. Two miles further and the pursuing canoes were scarcely a hundred yards behind, the Indians yelling like demons as they saw the white men almost in their grasp. Rip Ford shook his head as he looked over his shoulder, when suddenly his canoe was seized by a mighty force and hurled backward, like a bullet from a rifle. They had struck another rapid more powerful than the first, and the rocks absolutely seemed to fly past them.

"This is something like it," cried the daring Buckskin Sam. "How we do move!"

"I should say we did, old boy," replied Rip. "I am only afraid we are moving too fast."

"Don't you believe it; those fellows seem to be standing still," said Sam.

"They will get in the current in a moment," gasped Rip. "Look at that!"

The headmost canoe of the Indians appeared upon the crest of the rapid, and came flying down after the trappers at a furious speed. The Indians no longer used their paddles, with the exception of the man who sat at the stern, and by a touch on the water, now on one side, now on the other, regulated the course of the canoe. The second canoe followed in a moment, a little further in shore. As they gazed, the bow of the last canoe was suddenly lifted, as if struck a broken rock in the channel which the occupants tried in vain to avoid. The fierce current caught the stern, and in an instant there was nothing left of the craft, save broken fragments, while the occupants, with loud shrieks of terror were borne swiftly on by the resistless tide. "That ends them," said Rip Ford. "Be careful, Sam, for your life!"

On, on, borne by the power which they could not resist, the two canoes were hurried. There was a scene of wild exultation in the hearts of the white men, for they could see that their enemy would have gladly escaped, if they could, from the perils that surrounded them. Their mad desire for scalp and plunder had led them into a trap, and they no longer thought of the canoe before them. They knew, as the whites did not, the terrible danger before them, for they had explored the banks of the stream on foot many times. The river suddenly narrowed, and the trappers rushed into a canyon barely twenty feet wide and nearly roofed over by the cliff on each side. The current was not quite so rapid here and they guided the canoe easily.

"This gets interesting, Rip," said Sam, as they went on through the narrow pass. "We are going—?" "To our death," interrupted Rip Ford, in a solemn voice. "Do you hear the falls?"

Through the splash of the water and the dip of the paddles, they heard a low, deep, tremulous roar, which was the sound of falling water. For a moment, the bronzed face of Sam blanched, and then he drew his figure up proudly, saying: "Better than the scalping-knife or stake, old friend; as the Frenchman says: 'vive la mort!' Long live death!"

It was, indeed, before them; for as they shot out of the narrow pass they saw the fall before them—how high they could not tell, but the smoke which arose showed that it was not a small one. "Keep her head to it," cried Rip. "If we don't get through it's good-by forever, Sam."

The swift current caught them, and the canoe, hurled forward with terrible force, went flying toward the verge. A moment more and it shot out into the mist and went down into the unknown depths. Each man clinging to his paddle, as he went down, held by an invisible power, whirled to and fro, as in a maelstrom, and then shot up into the light, below the falls. Far below them the canoe floated, and as the current swept them down the two men looked back, in time to see the Indian canoes over the fall sideways without an occupant. It was hurled far out, and fell lightly on the water, only to be arrested by the strong arm of Buckskin Sam.

The Indians, appalled by their danger, had upset the canoe, in their frantic efforts to escape. What became of them the trappers never knew, for when they reached the foot of the rapid, far below the falls, and righted the canoe, they made no pause, but hurried down the stream, and before night were safely floating in the waters of the Canadian river. Two days later they reached Fort Bill in safety.



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Sunshine Papers.

After the First.

AFTER the first, what do we do? Well, we still live, despite our temerity in daring to defy fashionable mandates. And, moreover, we had such days! Days that will remain ineffable in life's picture-gallery. Days so free and joyous, and healthy, they made us hate to think of town, and society, and "fall styles," and return to the world. In fact we knew nothing of any world outside of the little one, girdled about with hillsides and feathery forest-lands, around which we wandered as carelessly and idly as the silvery, wanton thistle-down that sailed past us on every autumn breeze. We had cut the world—"cut it dead." To be sure, it might have occupied the same position toward us; for our last obstinate freak it might have regarded us as renegades and outcasts; or it might have forgotten our existence entirely; such possibilities had no more power to trouble us than had the consciousness that we were entirely at sea concerning election returns and foreign news, who was married, who was dead, and what was the latest novel.

You see we had always wondered by authority of what divine right Madame Fashion decreed that everybody should bestir, upon the first day of autumn, to return to town, and be up and gone upon the second. We even fell to speculating upon the probable results of snapping our fingers in the dictatorial dame's face, and doing as we, and not as she, pleased. And, lastly, we drew a very long and defiant breath, and said that every one else might flit with the outgoing of August, from their summer retreats, but we were going to stay "after the first," and see what pleasures autumn could furnish.

At first, when all the evening promenades and dances were over, and only dozens of empty, melancholy-looking chairs stared solemnly at us, in formal rows, like mourners at a funeral, from the walls of the great parlor, and we gathered about our tiny table to breakfast,

while all below and above us stretched the long, deserted dining-room, we felt

"—like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

But, there are few conditions of life to which one cannot, in time, grow accustomed. We soon commenced to enjoy the inviting littleness of our table, and the genial largeness of the parlor, with only ourselves to scatter our books, and work, and autumn treasures, all about it, as pleased us, and group about the blazing wood fire in the twilight, and gather around the standard light of the little tables to read and write of an evening. And the quiet, and sense of unity, and cozy comfortableness, was exquisite after the noisy enjoyment, and mixed throng, and silly chattering to partners, that had prevailed there so long. If the piazzas were dark and deserted, and there were no brilliant, manly eyes in which to glance, while walking there in the cool nights, there were myriads of stars overhead just as brilliant, and far more calm and truthful; and near were the black, solemn, uprising mountains, standing gloomy and stately under the pale autumn moonlight, filling the soul with more absolute happiness and grander passions than any whisperings of an escort's lips. With the mantle folded closely, those lonely promenades were glorious; and for companionship one could stand at the long windows and take a survey of the restful scene within the parlor; until, at length, a step would cross the bridge, down by the belt of woodland, and come plodding up the drive, and the great excitement of the four-and-twenty hours would gather and cultivate about the little packet of papers and letters laid upon the center-table. Then, when the mail had been examined and commented upon, and we had chatted awhile longer over a dish of fruit and glasses of milk, we would go early to bed. Remembering that such a course of conduct is popularly preached to foreshadow health, wealth, and wisdom, if accompanied by early rising, we resolved to try a new experiment, and test the pleasures of variety. To be sure, sunny mornings had a great deal to do with our virtuous adherence to those eminently hygienic resolves, and cloudy mornings were not worthy of record in regard to the hours at which we arose.

But, if our early meetings upon the piazza, in the crisp air, resulted in no added wisdom or worldly goods they afforded opportunities for "lots of fun." There were the horses to ride to the brook; which, being done with utter scorn for such conventional artifices as saddles and bridles, and generally at a wild race, offered elegant opportunities for new inventions in gymnastics and high and lofty tumbling. If we were too cool and lacked appetite, there was a challenge to a game of quacks; and both miseries were rapidly dissipated as the heavy irons were thrown from stake to stake. Often we sat down to breakfast with saucers of dewy, sweet blackberries by our plates, for which we had but just rifled the thickets; or decorated the table with fresh ferns and the late blooming buttercups and daintily-fingered purple daisies, while our eggs were boiling.

Through the clear, glorious autumn days we bathed in yellow sunshine upon the piazza, while we read, embroidered, or wrote by the tables we wheeled out there. We climbed the barns and the mountains, and brought strengthened muscles from each, and stores of gorgeous leaves, and delicate ferns, and trailing vines, and dry, feathery grasses, and pale, crisp immortelles, and graceful pink tree-blossoms from the latter. We explored rocky ravines, and tramped miles to enjoy ten minutes of static admiration before some snowy trail of water. We swung croquet-mallets and flails—

Yes, actually flails; like the ones we remembered pictured through the horrible indigo covers of old Webster spelling-books. We were quite away from modern civilization and—"agents." If ever any of those seemingly omniscient gentlemen dared climb these everlasting hills, and set forth the glories of some new invention for simplifying farming, they must have received too little welcome ever to come again, for the sound of the flail, and the scythe, and such rustic agricultural barbarism, still prevailed in that land. When the pink-stalked buckwheat was ready for threshing, after narrowly escaping visiting each other with all manner of terrible calamities, we learned to swing those mysterious-jointed sticks that remind one of tall, loosely-built Yankees. And we had threshing bees. Fun it was, too, to set up the little red sheaves along the barn floor, like arranging a line of partners for a Virginia reel, and then whip them down and pound at their powdery heads. Then they had to be all tossed over, and like a gallant line of soldiers we charged upon the enemy again, beating it severely with every available step. Then we raked the stalks lightly away, and gathered together the wheat and the chaff for the winnowing.

Then there were sunny afternoons spent stealing through the forests, and picking our way across marshes, hunting impudent little birds that would not stand still and be shot. But oh! the great excitement when an occasional innocent victim was brought down, and we had some trophy to carry back with us. No doubt those little wings will be worn in town, more proudly than any ornament of gold or precious stones. And the grand storms, when the rain came down in blinding spray, and the mountains near and far were folded in impenetrable gray mists, and the wind shrieked about the house like lost spirits of summer walling over their rapturous dead life, how we enjoyed those! Grandeur still was the breaking up of such a storm; the wonderful cloud scenery, the blazing gold of the sunshine, the changing faces of the mountains, mantling themselves in mirages of crimson and orange, and over all the deepest blue sky, all flecked with torn bits of white clouds, smiling down upon the decay of the year, passing away in a glow of flame and defiance, most beautiful of all seasons in its death!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE GUIDE-BOARD.

NO. V.

"And when the road forks far side,
And you're in doubt which one it is,
Stand still, and let your conscience guide,
Thank God, it can't lead you far amiss!"
—OLD SONG.

THE trouble with us is that we will not stand still. We are too restless, too heedless, and too forgetful of the admonitions of conscience to pay any attention to the words on the old guide-board. The guide-board is ancient, and we are young, and we think we know best. There are few who let their consciences trouble them in the least, until one would think that consciences were thought by them to be too old-foggy to be of any use, nowadays.

Scan the papers daily and see how much of vice, sin and misery there are around us. Think of how many there are who have come

to the cross-roads, and because they would not stop long enough to let their consciences guide them, have rushed headlong into the wrong path and brought disgrace upon themselves and untold misery upon their relatives and friends.

A person's conscience will rarely lead one astray if a person would but listen to it. As I have said, we are too heedless to give it deferential attention.

In the gloomy cell, and with the sun shining for the last time on one who will, to-morrow, be executed for his deed of blood, conscience may be listened to. Then it will be heard. Memories will sweep through the brain, of times when the criminal was young and innocent. Visions will come of a happy home, of kind parents, of affectionate brothers and sisters, who pointed out to him the right road, but in which he refused to walk. With Eternity so near, he remembers all these things and sees how vile and wicked he has been.

Now there are thousands around us who are blessed with good homes and kindly hearts to cheer them, but who have come to the cross-roads. Some rush ahead, never stopping to think whether they are going, until, sinking into a quagmire, they find it too late; they have taken the wrong road.

Others pause and have a talk with their conscience, and conscience tells them that, though the road may look pleasant, it is full of brambles and quagmires, and that serpents lurk in many a bush.

Conscience points out the temptations and dangers—it shows youth the many pitfalls in the path, that roses have thorns and that briars will tear and scratch. It shows him that, no matter how much wealth a man has, if he has not come by it honestly, it gives him no pleasure. It reveals to his vision how many bright and promising geniuses have had their ambition blunted and lives wrecked because they did not make a conscience of their art.

A person may have a great gift for writing, and have the rare ability of expressing his words in such a manner as to delight the reader; yet, if he uses his gift to write fictional stories, and says things that will make the world worse and not better, he is abusing his gift. He does not consult his conscience; for, if he did, it would tell him that a wrong road he was on.

An actor gifted with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, and with the talent of a Roscius, certainly requires recognition of his ability. But should he choose to "star" in immoral dramas, he would soon forfeit our good respect.

When authors and actors enter upon their career, they should pledge themselves to do naught but what their conscience dictates. I mention authors and actors particularly because their influence upon the community is great. The stories we read and the plays we see acted should be of such a character as to lead us upward, not downward.

No conscientious manager will have a demoralizing drama put on his stage, no more than a conscientious editor will have a story with a bad moral published in his paper. If people will have naught but what is immoral, are those who tender the good things to them to be blamed?

The guide-board says, "Danger!" but how few heed it! How many hundreds—I might say thousands—have seen the truth of the expression: "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," and have told others of their experience, and yet how many other thousands continue to "marry in haste," to be followed by the repenting at leisure.

My dear friends, I may have seemed somewhat preachy, and my words may avail nothing, yet I have striven to show you how much you gain by following, and how much you lose by not listening to, conscience when the road forks "any side."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Concerning Women.

EVERYBODY knows what women are—there, I'll take that back in the start, for it is hard to tell what most women really are, and I don't go to say that what isn't true for I might go to telling lies. Women belong to the class of mankind—allow me to take that back, if you please, for there are many women who vow they don't and never will belong to mankind, while others flourish under the idea that mankind belongs to them, and so they have it.

Women constitute a part and parcel of the female gender, and have a feminine appearance and habits. It was a woman who first caused Adam to earn her bread by the sweat of his brow—the race of Adam still exists.

The race of women are divided into two kinds, one kind and another kind, and they constitute the greatest portion of the population of Massachusetts—one wife for every man, and the last man takes the balance.

If there are no women present I would like to speak of a few of them in particular—in a low voice, however.

THE GOOD WOMAN.

She is an honor to her sex, and money in the pocket of her husband. She is worth one hundred cents on the dollar. The gentle and captivating smile of tenderness always floats over the undulations of her serene countenance like a balmy breath of palpable perfume from the odoriferous groves of the Orient, when at eventide and everything is still except the beating of her wifely heart, she puts a dutiful heel in our affectionate pair of socks. The exquisite grace and tender condescension with which she sews a button on the neck of your shirt, prevents you getting mad and cutting your washwoman's bill down one half.

The gentle manner in which she pours out your evening tea makes you drink it without noticing the hot or caring for the fly in it. She breaks down the hinges of the gate in waiting for you. You are the only heathen for whom she embroiders anything. You think just as much of her in a calico dress as you would in a satin one—if not more. She believes everything you say—which may be a good deal. Her relatives are all pretty well off and rigid stay-at-homes. She never combs your head with the legs of the skillet, nor smoothes your hair with the unkindly end of a broom. Household ways are pleasant to her feet, and she doesn't wear out many shoes therein. When there is a noise as of burglars in the house, her husband doesn't have to ask her more than three or four times to go down stairs to investigate the cause, and the morning fresh air, there is where woman's glory shows the brightest! What would the morning flies be if not make by the gentle hand of loving woman! She keeps the hearth warm, which would make us shiver to do. The good woman may occasionally put the buttons on the wrong side of your wrist-band, but she never—she never objects to a little expostulation, and if you growl because the supper happens to be late, instead of stopping to raise a fuss she hurries the supper up—the dear Good Woman.

THE COMPLAINING WOMAN.

I have canvassed the whole town in search of her, but was always referred next door. I find this much, however, that her biscuit is never as good as they ought to be, though she took pains; she will tell you how sorry she is that her bread wasn't as well as could be expected, but you must not condescend with her to the extent of saying you are sorry also; she will complain at the general bad state of the dinner she sets before you, but you mustn't complain of it until you get away. The weather has always the wrong side down and never the right side up. She complains of everything her husband does, and of everything he doesn't. She finally dies of habitual complaint.

THE GOSSIPING WOMAN.

She is very plenty, and where you see two sun-bonnets together across the neighborly fence, you can know she is on both sides. She is not as particular of her own dress as she is of another's; has passed the boundary line of the beautiful, and what she doesn't know in the neighborhood doesn't exist. She strikes only an average in her estimate of character, and you get the full benefit of the discount. No one believes half what she says of you except your enemies, and woe to you if you ever fall into her hands—or rather into her mouth, as it were.

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN.

She is generally a bad article done up in a valuable wrapping. Her sole desire is to make other women envy her, which is hate toned down, and she would prefer to be behind in her bills than to be behind the fashions. If other people had four eyes she would be just twice as fashionable. She affirms she lives just for her husband's sake, and it is very evident her husband is living only for her sake. Beneath her piled on silks all the fineness of her nature is hidden, and her husband scratches his head where it don't itch as he pauses to contemplate how it can be kept up without it keeping him down.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS WOMAN.

She is far in advance of the age, but is generally several years behind her own, and never loses an occasion to mount the platform and deliver the lecture which she gave her husband the night before. She is generally weak-chested, but strong-minded; would have the marriage-rite reversed; believes that woman was created first, and is therefore the best man, and her husband tenderly washes the dishes and thoughtfully spans the young ones to sleep, and reflects upon how she three times refused to marry him.

THE SCOLDING WOMAN.

Occasionally on the road of life you will meet a woman whose tongue is a little rough on the edges, and sometimes you may marry for this day only, but be used to feel sure he expected detention will prevent its use until that time. Yes, many court decisions declare that all railroad tickets are good until used, and "scoldings" for this day only, or otherwise limiting the time of genuineness, are of no binding force whatever.

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WALKING IN THE LEAVES.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

To-day I walked down the woodland pathway
The path made bright with autumn's fairest flow-
ers.
And all the air seemed steeped in golden splendor
And fragrance that made glad the fleeting hours!
And then I thought of how these hues must vanish,
How soon the red leaves turn to sallow brown,
How death must come upon the blossoms tender
When autumn lays his golden scepter down.
How chill and cold within its frozen channel
The brook must be that sweeps through wood-
lands fair.
How mute must be the voice of summer songsters!
What somber hues the faded oak will wear!
But now the oak is bright with golden beauty,
The sumac-tree in flaming scarlet glows,
The maple drops its red leaves on the hillside
When still in summer robes the willow grows.
I hear the nestling of the autumn breezes
That sweep through aisles of golden and amber
light.
And seem to mourn, in whispers soft and tender,
The hues that soon will vanish from our sight.
In yonder field the ripening grain is gleaming,
The meadows are as bright with autumn flow-
ers.
The blue-bird chants his song within the wood-
land
Or whispers in the summer's faded bowers.
Sing on, sweet bird, for other springs will blossom
Where autumn's blight and winter snows have
lain.
And to each life that knows of bitter losing
The summer flowers will bloom as bright again.

Great Adventurers.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,
Soldier, Courtier, Statesman and Adventurer.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

No name in modern English history excites more personal interest than that of Raleigh. The scholar and soldier; the intimate and favorite of Queen Elizabeth; the companion of Spenser and Shakespeare; the associate of all the great men of his day; the patron of settlement in North America; the founder of English Guiana; Rear-admiral in the navy; Governor of Jersey (one of the Channel Isles), etc., etc.; and then his trial for treason, his confinement for thirteen years in the Tower, and final release; his expedition of conquest in Guiana, his re-arrest for treason, and execution—all mark a man of more varied fortune than belongs to any person of modern times.

Raleigh, born in 1552, was of good family and received what was then regarded as a good education, but at the early age of seventeen (1569) entered the army for service in France, under the great Coligny, in aid of the Huguenots, then passed to the Netherlands, to serve under the celebrated Prince of Orange, in the struggle against Spain. In these seven years he not only well learned the art of war, but won a proud name for gallantry. In 1576, in company with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he sailed on a voyage of exploration and settlement to the North American Continent, but the attempt to colonize Newfoundland failed, through the excessive severity of the winter. His restless spirit next found employment (1580) in Ireland, in suppressing the rebellion headed by the Earl of Desmond.

Raleigh then was of commanding person, and marked for his elegance of dress. His temper was genial and gay; but, ambitious to a remarkable degree, he was proud, independent and aggressive. This brought him to disagreements with the Lord Deputy of Ireland, who preferred charges that the Royal Council had to consider. These took him to "Court," then the center of all attraction and promotion. His bearing before the council, his intelligence and ready wit secured the dismissal of the charges, and gave him an audience with Queen Elizabeth—whose admiration for fine-looking men was not the least notable trait in her character. The story that he laid his elegant cloak over a muddy spot in the walk, for her to pass over to her carriage, is told to account for his becoming a "favorite" at court; but, whether this incident occurred or not, his own elegant person, his brilliant record as a soldier, his courtly manners, fine intelligence and sparkling conversation were quite sufficient to commend him to the maiden queen's favor. Then follows his sudden rise to power and importance. He was knighted; he was given a half-dozen lucrative offices and received a grant of twelve thousand acres of the forfeited Irish estates of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond.

Possessed of ample means, he gratified his spirit of adventure by aiding his half-brother, Sir Humphrey, in a second expedition to Newfoundland (1583)—which, alas, was the last of the most gallant and loyal Gilbert, for his own little vessel foundered on its return, and all on board perished. Not disheartened, and still determined to obtain a vice-royal domain in the New World, Sir Walter obtained a new charter from Elizabeth, and in 1584 sent forth a new expedition of two vessels, to explore for a more genial country lying north of the Spanish possession called Florida.

The two captains, Amidos and Barlow, were very discreet men. They sailed by way of the Canaries and the Bahamas, and made the coast off North Carolina. The winds blowing off shore were laden with the sweetest fragrance; the air was balmy and pure; the coast, though lying low, was covered with richest verdure. They ran up along it, over a hundred miles, and then discovered that it was but an island, or sand-beach, which they had traced, for, entering an inlet (Hatteras), they were in a great sound (Pamlico).

Then they communicated with the friendly and sociable natives, and after a most pleasant intercourse, and very profitable barter of trinkets for valuable furs, they ran up to a great island (Roanoke), where a real Indian queen entertained them quite royally. The vessels returned in the autumn of 1584, to report most flatteringly of the new land. The tobacco, potatoes and maize of their cargoes were all wholly new to Europe, and sold at great prices, as did also the furs, which made the voyage one of profit. Raleigh was so pleased with the results that he christened the land Virginia, in honor of the virgin queen—a compliment that pleased Queen Bess greatly, we are told.

A second expedition was organized, upon which Raleigh expended much of his fortune. It consisted of seven vessels (the largest of one hundred and twenty tons burden*), of which his kinsman, the admirable Sir Richard Grenville, was naval commander. It carried out men and material for a colony, and Ralph Lane for governor. The fleet safely reached Roanoke Island, June 29th, 1585. The colony was landed and Sir Richard sailed for England again; but coasting along north for awhile, he discovered Chesapeake Bay.

The colony being largely composed of wild, ungovernable adventurers, soon enough got

into trouble with the natives and blood was shed. Forty of the men, lured by stories of a Land of Pearls and rich skins, and a highly civilized race, started for the Roanoke river and pulled up that stream, in two boats, for five days, only to plunge deeper and deeper in the vast wilderness. Then they were assailed, and returned to Roanoke Island to be just in time to witness a general attack by the savages they had so angered.

A condition of comparative siege followed. At every attempt to visit the mainland the whites were ruthlessly assailed and numbers were killed. Others sickened and died under the fevers of the region and the hot season. Supplies gave out, and altogether the prospect was gloomy enough.

This was the condition of affairs when Sir Francis Drake called at the island, with his fleet—on his way home from his unsuccessful expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies, 1586. The colonists all returned with him. A few days after a vessel came in with stores and supplies, dispatched by Raleigh, but the place was utterly abandoned, and, after examining the coast around, the vessel sailed for home; and but a fortnight later Sir Richard Grenville came in with three ships, well filled with everything to make the colony prosperous. His surprise and annoyance were intense. Not a trace of his people could he discover; so, leaving fifty men for a garrison, he retraced his way to England.

The persistent Raleigh did not give up his scheme of empire. Three other vessels, with colonists aboard, under John White as governor, sailed for Roanoke, reaching there July 22d, 1587, to find the fifty men of Sir Richard's garrison slain, the fort razed and grass growing over the grounds. They had all been massacred, the previous summer.

White rebuilt the fort and tried to re-establish amicable relations with the Indians, but without success, and in revenge he made an attack upon a party of the savages who really were his friends, killing most of them. This re-roused the vindictive spirit of the tribes, and the colony suffered all sorts of privations. White returned home for supplies and recruits, leaving about one hundred men in the fort. But, the war with Spain, then being waged with great bitterness, intercepted the two vessels destined for the garrison's succor, and not until 1590 did the promised reinforcement reach Roanoke. Not a man was found alive! All of White's men had disappeared and never were heard of. Where they went to, or how they perished, never was known.

These disasters almost overwhelmed Raleigh with financial ruin and he was forced to abandon all hopes of a realm in Virginia. But, he did not give over the search for the lost colonists. Five different vessels, we are told by Purchas, the chronicler, did Sir Walter send out to the coast between 1591 and 1602, to look for the lost. Not even a trace of them was discovered.

To advert to Raleigh's remarkable home career is not in the province of this series of papers. He was so intimately identified with the great and stirring events of that most important and eventful period as to stand forth in history equally noted as courtier, statesman, naval commander and soldier.

His brilliant career was arrested in 1591 by the queen's displeasure at an intrigue with Anne Throckmorton, one of her maids of honor. The too-gallant knight was arrested and thrown into the Tower, but hastened to repair matters by a marriage with the beautiful Anne; whereupon he was released from bonds, but his favor in Elizabeth's eyes was gone—he was no longer a single man! So he withdrew to his country-seat in Dorsetshire, and there remained for several years.

In 1595 Raleigh came forth as prime director in a grand scheme of exploration and conquest in Guiana (South America). It was then currently believed that the fabled Eldorado—the real Land of Gold—lay in the region reached by the Orinoco river; so, putting out, Feb. 5th, with an armed fleet of five ships, he reached Trinidad March 30th, surprising the Spanish garrison of St. Josef, and taking the governor of the colony, Don Berreo, prisoner. From this official he extracted information regarding the mines and sailed up the Orinoco for sixty leagues, but then had to abandon his quest—determined, however, to try again, with ample resources.

On his return in the fall of 1595 he wrote an account of his voyage, entitling the pamphlet "The Discovery of the large, rich and beautiful Empire of Guiana." This was followed by his restoration to the queen's favor. She had long missed his company and counsel, and only awaited an excuse for his restoration. And he responded with a brilliant record, for, as rear-admiral, at the taking of Cadiz, (1595,) he greatly distinguished himself and was severely wounded. The next year he took Fayal, and was then fully restored to his lost offices, besides being made governor of the Channel isle of Jersey.

The story of his life now becomes one of state intrigues of the deepest and most intricate character—no less than to destroy the queen's favorite, the great Earl of Essex, his rival in the queen's regard. Essex fell and Sir Walter witnessed the fatal scene of the execution, (Feb. 25th, 1601). Elizabeth never forgave the men who destroyed the earl, for though he was adjudged guilty of high treason and death was the only possible penalty for his proven crime, the queen so loved the man that she hated those who had effected his fall. She never recovered from the shock. From full vigor in 1601 she sunk into her grave, in March, 1602.

James succeeded her, and Lord Cecil—Raleigh's coadjutor in the scheme against Essex—scamp that he was, turned upon Raleigh to destroy him. James being a zealous Catholic, several plots were concocted to rid the kingdom of him. Cecil so manipulated his evidence as to affect Sir Walter, who was seized and committed to the Tower, on charge of high treason, July, 1602. His trial occurred in September, 1603. He was found guilty, but upon evidence so questionable that the king dare not then order his execution; it would have hurled him from his throne. The accused suffered what was worse—a close confinement in the Tower for the twelve succeeding years!

During this long term he was not idle, but spent almost the entire period in literary work, producing, among other things, a "History of the World," of which he completed five large volumes. His wife, lovely Anne Throckmorton, shared his imprisonment and sustained him with her sweet and unflinching devotion. James' advisers and ministers were notoriously corrupt, and at length, by bribing Villiers (Earl of Buckingham) with a large sum of money, Raleigh's release was procured, with the understanding that he was to proceed to Guiana to open a mine. Thither he sailed, in thirteen ships, splendidly equipped. His first act was to capture the town of St. Thomas (November, 1617), in which assault his eldest son and the Spanish governor were killed. An expedition up the Orinoco, to discover the mine, that once before had baffled his search,

was fruitless. So Raleigh sailed northward, hoping, it is assumed, to fall in with the Spanish "plate fleet"—the treasure ships bearing the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru to Spain; but not meeting them, he ran for Newfoundland to refit. A gale scattered his ships, and when he reached the island his own crew was in mutiny to return home. So he was compelled to do this, and reached Plymouth in July, 1618, to be immediately arrested, at the instigation of the king of Spain, for the attack on St. Thomas. James, nothing loth, assented; but, instead of trying the prisoner on this new count, the old verdict was revived, and under it he was sentenced to execution, and was beheaded on the succeeding day, October 29th, 1618.

THREE
Links in Love's Chain.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

LINK THE FIRST.

"TILL A' THE SEAS GAVE DRY."

CHAPTER III.

MARY'S aunt had long suspected "Love's young dream" with its additional aggravation of an old, rich and unfavored lover; and you may be sure she had done her best on behalf of Squire Glover, and utterly, heartily and daily anathematized the sailor.

Ned found Mrs. Stormaway alone in the kitchen, knitting vigorously. It struck Ned that Mrs. Stormaway did not look as sour as she could look, an incomprehensible incident, considering the *elacritement* she had been favored with in the morning.

Fact was, Mrs. Stormaway had witnessed something at the garden gate which had pleased her.

"Where's Mary, ma'am?"
"What d'ye want with Mary, sir?" briskly.
"Tut! tut! Mrs. Stormaway. What do I want with my sweetheart! Mary! Mary!" shouting.

Mrs. Stormaway, bitterly:
"Boor!"

Mary, suddenly swooping in:
"Well, Edward, I'm here."

She was wan and rigid as the two hours' dead, and a poor little pretext of a smile quivered, ghostlike, round her lips.

"Bless my eyes!" exclaimed Ned, staring, "what's amiss with Mary?" Then, bethinking himself: "I say, was anything the matter with Lucy Corrie? She looked mighty glum, I thought."

The instant when the name of Lucy Corrie was on his lips her eyes were on him like needles, probing his.

He winced just enough.

Her face blazed up for a moment, and she trembled visibly.

Then she calmed down to a still white heat, retreated behind her aunt's chair, and leaning on it thus gave her lover his conge:

"Edward Morris, you've been coming after me for a good while, and I suppose you think you're master an' more of every secret of my heart. It's not so, my lad. I always kept one secret from ye. I can't keep it no longer, though; so ye may learn the truth now. I—don't—love—ye—as—I said—I did—the words dropped like drops of her life-blood and left her lips white; "and I always—intended—to—marry—the squire."

Ned, opening mouth and eyes, gaped and gazed in stupefaction.

Mrs. Stormaway fairly beamed all over her face, but felt the situation too ticklish to put in her word yet.

"I'm not joking you, Edward," pursued Mary, in a voice awfully still and strange; "I've promised—to marry—Mr. Glover."

That stung life into Ned.

He uttered a roar.

"Hush, hush, young man!" quoth Mrs. Stormaway, putting in her ear.

"None of your swearing here. I believe I'm mistress enough in my own house to say there shall be no bad language used here—etc., etc."

Ned, denouncing the altered face behind the old woman's chair, was reading in its cold, hard lines—treachery.

He strode over to her, put a heavy hand on each shoulder with a grasp that left blue prints in *memoriam* on the fair flesh for many a day; and he said, huskily:

"Mary, darlin', look me in the eye an' tell the truth. Have ye played me false?"

She shook under his touch, and caught her breath with a drowning gasp.

Then:

"Yes," said Mary Lee.

A moment he stood over her, gazing upon the grand, blenched beauty of her wondrous face; a storm of fury and amazement in his own.

"You murderer!" he then muttered, in a hard, low voice, while his white lips twitched and his smart face worked with passion; "do ye know what ye've done! You've killed all that was good in me—you've made a devil of me! Oh, that ye were a man—but, pshaw! I wouldn't soil my fingers with your black heart's blood!"

He flung her from him as one tosses a poisonous reptile, swung on his heel and strode out of the cottage.

On the stile he found Squire Glover.

"Might a mere Jack-tar ask a question of quality folks?"

"Eh—ah—what d'ye say?" stammered the squire, taken all aback.

"Is Mary Lee a-going for to be married to you?"

"Ah—hem! I believe she has promised so," chuckled the squire, seeing now how the land lay.

The sailor bestowed upon him one mighty curse and strode on.

That was Ned Morris' farewell to Stokington.

"Till a' the seas gave dry, my dear, And the rocks melt w' the sun, Oh, I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands of life shall run!"

Ay, ay, so the love-sons say!

Well, Mary Lee did not marry the squire.

When she saw that her life was for naught but to her own wrecking; that she had only lost her sweetheart without doing any good to the woman who had claimed him, and that the woman neither went mad nor drowned herself, but resigned herself to the inevitable with surprising calmness—black despair possessed her.

She refused to marry the squire.

Her aunt wheedled.

No use.

Squire Glover begged and prayed with all the wisdom which sixty years had brought him; Mrs. Stormaway stormed away with all her native animation; Mary was mullish.

He swore he would have the law of her; and she that she would shut her door on her; Mary balked them both by falling desperately ill of a broken heart.

So then they took fright and let her have

her way, seeing that all flesh is grass, and she was like to die.

She rose from that sick bed an altered woman.

The drops of her heart were stirred to the surface; all the bitterness and scolding and pride which in happier days had lain dormant romped as they listed now; all that had been sweet as honey in her turned bitter as gall.

Poor Mary Lee!

Victim of a love doomed to survive respect; brooding over her disappointments with the wild resentment of a proud spirit trodden in the mire by the swinish feet of the unworthy; conscious of no less tragic influences than the promptings of weariness, disgust, and an invincible despair; what resemblance had this cold, silent woman, her black eyes lit by a feverish flame, and her black hair flecked with silver, to the laughing nymph whose mischievous gaiety and innocent coquetry had enticed to her shrine the swains of Stokington?

Now, Squire Glover never had admired Melpomene; it was Thalia who had won his favor.

So, when the transformation scene was over, and his airy sprite stood frozen into a fountain that could only weep, what should the sensible old Adonis do but formally set her free, and turn round and marry—LUCY CORRIE!

Yes, the distracted maid, with a philosophy which deserves our profound respect as one of the few instances of self-government among that illogical class, lovers, when she saw that she was left in the lurch by the flinty-hearted young Jack-tar, took up with his betters, and speedily changed the willow for the orange-broom.

She made a very gaudy lady, and liked to drive in her pony-phaeton past her erstwhile rival, she plodding to the salt-mines with her little brother's dinner.

Once she stopped on the highway, and called Mary to her carriage-step.

"Mary," said the squire's lady, graciously, "it is time you were getting yourself married. You must smarten yourself up, my good girl, and not wear that glum face, or you'll be left on the shelf. Dear to gracious! I felt like moping just as bad once upon a time, but I'd more spirit than to give in to it, and look at me now! I never think on him not once in a month, the deceivin' scamp."

Mary fastened her bitter black eyes on the flourishing young madam's face with a fierce intensity that silenced her prattle.

"Lucy Glover," said she, hoarsely, "once ye plead with me, ay, on your knees—to save ye from takin' your own life, by givin' ye up my sweetheart. I did it. Since then I've prayed God every day to keep me in my senses, for I believe I'll end mad. Now ye've given me the chance to speak to ye, an' I'll plead with ye as ye once plead with me to make the life that I must live, an' that you've made so black, a little easier for me. Confess, Lucy Glover, for God's sake, lassie, did ye not speak falsely that day?"

Mrs. Glover turned pale with fright, then red with mortification, and then black with anger.

"I'm sure!" she spat out, venomously—"the impudence! As if the likes of me was needing to tell lies about the likes of *him*! Why, Mary Lee, you forgets your place, you unmanly hussy, speaking to the lady of Grevy Holt as if she was your equals. I meant kind by ye when I stopped an' took notice of ye, but I see my foolish kindness is thrown away. Drive on, Jenkins."

Mary put her hand, with a sudden gripe of steel, upon the silken sleeve of the squire's lady.

"Stop a minute, Mrs. Glover," panted she, looking up in her face with a passionate eagerness that almost frightened the shallow creature into fits. "Of course ye can't understand all he was to me, an' what a dreadful woman the thought of his deceitfulness has turned me into, so of course ye don't see the use of ownin' anything about that day now; but, oh, woman! on your knees on the road here—and to the lady's horror she flung herself down in the dust—"I pray ye to lift that part of my burden off me—I can bear the rest gladly, gladly—only tell me he never played the traitor."

In the wild heat of her manner and the anguish of her prayer; in the desperate supplication of her folded hands and cavernous eyes, another woman, with a woman's soul in her, would have read a history that would melt her heart with pity; but the fair-haired beauty with the butterfly soul in her, only read incipient insanity.

"Oh, Jenkins, how dare ye sit there an' let that girl frighten your mistress to death!" whispered she to the coachman.

"What would Mr. Glover say if he knew I was getting abused this way? Drive on, I tell ye; why don't ye obey me?"

Excellent ponies, squire's lady and coachman. Mary Lee staggered to her feet.

The dust of the road was on her poor garments, but far, far worse was on her poor soul.

She looked across the moor where the thyme smelled sweetly, and the sea where the little waves sparkled brightly to the crystal verge, where sea and sky kissed, both ethereal blue; and a strong shudder shook her.

"God, how cruel you have been to me!" she cried, fiercely. "What had I done that you should use me like this?"

TEN years!

A long time indeed.

Time for Mrs. Stormaway to die, leaving Mary and her young brother Hal alone in the cottage by the sands.

Time for the cottage by the sands to catch fire one windy night, and burn the orphans out of a home.

Time for Mary to drudge her beauty dim over whiteness in a garret in the village while Hal grew up as fast as he could, and toiled far beyond his strength for man's wages at the mines.

Time for the squire to break his neck at a fox-hunt, and for his lady to begin to break her heart over the pranks of her ill brought-up son Tyrrol.

Time for Ned Morris to have sailed thrice round the world with a year to spare, and to have given that year to undoing the cruel work of the nine on Mary.

And then it was time for the end.

One morning the village of Stokington was horrified by the news that there had been an accident at the mines.

A quantity of loose salt had fallen on the workmen, completely burying them in one of the vaults.

Nobody had escaped but Harry Lee, who fled for help, reporting that the men were still alive and crying for assistance.

Stokington turned out *en masse* and trooped to the mouth of the shaft—shrank back and shook its head.

Blocks of solid salt were falling every now and then; waters were gurgling in unseen passages.

Not a man would venture down there.

At this moment a woman ran in among them.

She was livid, she was panting, she was frantic with fear and hurry.

It was the squire's widow.

"Where's my boy?" she shrilly cried, seizing young Lee, who stood on the brink, one foot in the bucket; "is he down there?"

Master Tyrrol Glover, a sharp slip of eight, was wont to sneak off to the mines after his grandfather Corrie, who was overseer, and spoiled him even more than his mother did.

The lad stood silent.

"Oh!" shrieked Mrs. Glover, wringing her hands wildly; "he is, he is! Oh, save my boy, good people, save my boy for God's sake!"

Not a man answered.

"What, won't they go down?" said Mrs. Glover, hoarsely, her eyes almost starting from their sockets. "Must my pretty darlin' die down there for lack of a man with pluck enough to bring him up? And my old father, too! My God! what will I do! what will I do!"

Hal, the sixteen year older, straightened himself, flushing.

"Lads," said he, looking round sharply, "d'ye hear her! Will ye deserve the name of cowards?"

"It would be sure death to try it," muttered voices, deprecatingly; "there's not a chance for a rat, unless a water-rat."

The distracted woman screamed and darted again on Hal like a tiger.

"Go down yourself, boy; go straight down an' bring me back my laddie; go! go!" she shrieked. "I'll give ye a hundred pounds, two hundred, anything ye like, only bring him up alive."

"I'm goin' anyway, ma'am; I don't want yer money," answered Hal, quietly. "I'd never have come up an' left them if I hadn't hoped to get help from the neighbors. Friends, and he turned to the listening crowd with sparkling eyes and pale face shining with a strange fire, "who volunteers to follow me?"

"The devil!" growled the villagers, unused to the dreary experiences of miners; "it would be sheer flying in the face of Providence!"

"Will nobody?" cried Hal, looking round; "nobody! Then I'll go alone—with God."

He stepped into the bucket.

Another woman fought her way through the dumb-smitten throng to the pit's mouth, and clutched the young miner.

"You sha'n't go, Hal," said Mary Lee, sternly. "That woman has taken all I had but you; she sha'n't have you."

Mrs. Glover shrunk from the spectral vision of her rival of long ago, whose madly glittering eyes now warned her that the grief which had whitened her beautiful hair and embittered her generous heart, was now about to be avenged upon its cause.

Hal put his arms round Mary's neck and laid his cheek to hers.

"Sister, darlin'," murmured he, and the whole throng hushed its breath to listen. "ye've never complained to me, but I've heard them tell what changed ye from a lovin' lassie into what ye are to-day; an' they all blame it on her. Mary, ye've borne the burden for ten long years your own way, an' a heavy burden ye have found it; will ye not now try to bear it God's way, an' see how light it will grow? Will ye not forgive Mrs. Glover, an' forgive the man that's across the seas, an' send me on my duty with a happy heart! Will ye, Mary, darlin'?"

She looked into his sweet eyes, and she saw that he must go.

She looked upon Mrs. Glover with a look that stabbed her with remorse.

"Cold, cold heart, I curse ye!" said Mary Lee. "satisfied ye'll never be until ye've drunk the last drop of my blood. Come, Hal, we'll go together."

"No, no, she's crazed!" exclaimed the bystanders.

"If ye love me, darlin', stay here till I come back!" implored her brother.

Mrs. Glover, white as ashes, dared not utter a word.

"We'll go together," said Mary, for all answer; "an' if he's killed so am I, an' there's the end on't."

They both got into the bucket and went down the black throat of the mine clasped in each other's arms.

And then for hours there was nothing more.

Sometimes a shrill whistle came up to the multitude's ears, and they knew that Hal was safe yet; and then

hears of mine; I tried to win him from you that day on the sands by a wicked woman's trick; an' that—God forgive me—is the truth."

Well, well, bereavement is sweet—to teach-

ery. The little shell that is tossed about by the wind on the shore can still whisper—only put it to your ear—of the ocean it once lived in long ago; but too it on the flinty rock or grind it neath your heel, and the pretty wonder is cracked, the music is shed—but a tiny heap of ruins lies there.

The fragile heart that is washed ashore by God's wind—bereavement, out of the ocean of the love it lived in, and blown about by earthly cares, can still remember sweetly the former bliss; but crush that heart with peridy, and, lo! a ruin.

So, when the blight was lifted from Mary Lee, and she knew that her love had been true, although he was lost to her, his memory was sweet as of yore, and she melted, poor, frozen iceberg, into a woman again. Love was no illusion, life was no lying mockery, God was no Moloch, delighting in the passing of His children through inextinguishable fires of retribution.

So by the hier of brave Hal, her last possession—the lying coldly in his place with the majestic smile of the dead upon his marble face, Mary Lee penitently owned her past bitterness and blasphemy, and vowed henceforth to bear her burden—already lightened—in God's way!

And if she should never see Ned Morris more—for whether he was yet alive, God knows—she can pray for him, and love him, and bless the priceless days of true, true love they lived together—

"Till a' the seas gang dry."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 349.)

JENNIE, LEE AND I. A BALLAD OF DRUID HILL PARK.

BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

One afternoon in summer, when the blue expanse above
Bent over us unclouded as the candid eyes of love,
Suggesting scenes it smiled upon in quiet country nooks,
And birds and flowers, and grass and trees, and
coolly purring brooks,
(Thank God, that in the crowded town we still
can see the sky!)

We took a car for Druid Hill, young Jennie, Lee
and I.
Ere long the heated streets are left, the railway
shed we gain,
When "Little Diddy" ready waits with all its
tiny train.

Soon woods and fields and hills and plains, in minia-
ture, are passed;
And, with display of state, we win the terminus at
last.

While with our new experience, our hearts are
beating high,
And filled with life and wild romance are Jennie,
Lee and I.

First to the Mansion we resort and cool refresh-
ments take,
Then from the broad piazza look on field and
wood and lake.

Our candles, fired by such a scene, illumined by gol-
den light,
See in the open space below, brave knights in ac-
mor bright.

The banners wave, the weapons flash, the trumps
in clamor vie—
And for awhile in olden times live Jennie, Lee and I.

Then lightly sauntering along, with jest and laugh
and smile,
And quaint conceits, we linger at each lovely spot
while—

The calm Spring Lake, where ducks and geese and
swans disport at ease;
And Druid Lake, with all its bright expanse of min-
ing seas;

And Upper Lake, in which the skiffs, oar-winged,
appear to fly—
We call them all enchanted spots, young Jennie,
Lee and I.

O'er graveled paths, through shady nooks, we visit
Edmund's Well,
And Silver Spring, that bides within a charming
wildwood dell.

And whoso'er of the water gleams, amid the wave
and spray,
We see the flashing wings and eyes of many a tiny
fay.

While sweet, low melodies they chant, as move we
slowly by;
And well we know for whom they sing, young Jen-
nie, Lee and I.

We visit spots as wild as though afar from haunts
of men,
And pass o'er many a sunny hill, through many a
shaded glen.

Westward on Prospect Hill, from which fair Wood-
bury is seen,
And across the classic Garrett Bridge that spans a
deep ravine.

Or where the zephyr stirs the foliage low or
high,
We hear it tell sweet fairy-tales—do Jennie, Lee
and I.

But now the gorgeous hues, that late the park in
beauty dressed,
Are passing, with the setting sun, beyond the glow-
ing West;

And, as the lustre softly fades, we slowly onward
rove
Toward the railway station at romantic Council
Grove.

And soon, with memories stored with themes for
converse pure and high,
We meet the blessed lights of home, young Jennie,
Lee and I.

Baltimore, Md.

An Unknown Correspondent

BY HENRI MONTCALE.

"You may say what you please about
anonymous correspondence, and no decent girl
ever doing that sort of thing," says Ray Har-
dine, blowing a streak of smoke straight at the
picture of the class nine above his head. "But
I know better, and I could tell you a story to
prove it."

In obedience to the general
hus and cry raised by this remark, Ray pro-
ceeded with the following narrative:

"When I was a sophomore, I used to be a
different sort of fellow, never got acquainted
with any girls or anything; and as I really
yearned for a lady friend, I was indiscreet
enough, one day, to answer an advertisement,
for a correspondent which I found in a certain
magazine much patronized by girls of that
period. I am not going to bore you with the
correspondence itself. It is of its results I am
about to tell you."

"Suffice it to say that I got an answer, dated
at a certain fashionable boarding-school in New
York State, from a girl calling herself Jennie
Wheaton—that we exchanged photographs and
wrote each other letters all winter long, and
that I really never in my life saw such elegant,
sprightly and altogether delightful epistles as
those she sent me. All at once, some time in
April, my last letter came back to me, inclosed
in a note signed Jennie Wheaton, but in a
handwriting so utterly different from that in
which the former letters had been written, that
it was impossible it could have been written by
the same person."

"The note said that my letter had come to
the writer's address at the school; but as she
never enjoyed the honor of even hearing of my
distinguished self before, she presumed there
was some mistake and returned the letter. Of
course I was much astonished at this unex-
pected turn of affairs, and would have written

again for an explanation; but, having been so
evidently snubbed, I could not quite bring my-
self to do it. So, then, ended my correspond-
ence, and I might never have heard anything
more of it but for an adventure which hap-
pened to me last summer."

"Last Commencement week I changed
names with a man, and thereby hangs a tale.
Johnson, of my class (you didn't know him; he
left college that fall), came to me with the fol-
lowing proposition: Says he, 'I've got a maid-
en aunt down in Connecticut, about seven
hundred years old, who dotes on me, and
insists upon my visiting her at once. She's
rich as Croesus, and it may cost me a hundred
thousand dollars to disobey her—which I shall
have to do, as I'm on the crew. Why can't
you take my name and go down there as my
substitute? She's blind as a bat and will never
know the difference. It's a grand old country-
place, with any quantity of fishing. Besides,
there is a boarding-school Miss who will help
sustain you. Will you go?' The scheme was
too novel and romantic not to please me. Of
course I went."

"One fine morning a few days after that, a
young man with a valise, was de nuit, cane,
umbrella, hat-box and *distinguish* air might have
been seen marching up a carriage path toward
a big white house. The young man was my-
self; the house was the country residence of my
friend's aunt, Miss Prudence Partington. A
sudden turn in the path brought me squarely
up to the steps and into the immediate vicinity
of two ladies sitting on the piazza. One of
these was modern, beautiful, and reading. The
other was ancient, ugly and knitting. As I
ascended the steps, the latter jumped up and
wound her arms two or three times about my
neck, saluting my prominent features with a
great deal of unnecessary enthusiasm."

"So I had come to see my old auntie at
last, had I (smack!) How I had grown, to be
sure! (smack! smack!) Just the picture of my
poor father at my age! (smack! smack! smack!)
etc., etc."

"I was now introduced to the young lady,
and my aunt went off to see about my traps,
leaving us two alone together."

"Miss Bartholomew did not seem at all em-
barrassed by the situation; and after a few
laughing commonplaces, politely returned to her
novel. I took occasion to examine her. She
wore white, set off by blue, so of course she
was a blonde. Her beauty I leave to your im-
agination—it was indescribable. No man with
a heart in his breast could have been in her
presence twenty minutes and kept it there. I
fell in love with her at once, as a matter of
course; and presently, looking up from a rever-
ent, I was flattered to find her regarding me
attentively. 'Excuse me,' she said, 'but your
face is wonderfully familiar. Can it be that
I have seen you before? I replied that I
thought not, mentally wondering why it is
that young ladies always pretend to have seen
you before. I observed the puzzled expression
on her face suddenly vanish, as her eyes fell
upon my valise. I inquired, with withering
sarcasm, if that, too, was familiar. 'No,' she
answered, significantly, 'but it seems to have
been borrowed for the occasion.' Sure enough!
There were my own initials, 'R. H.,' on the
end of it, plain as day. 'Ye-yes,' I stammered.
'I was obliged to draw upon a friend.'
'May I ask his name?' she maliciously per-
sisted. 'Ray Harding,' I was obliged to answer,
for at that moment I could not think of any
other name with those initials to save me. Af-
ter such duplicity, I hung my head for several
seconds. When at last I looked up again, the
lady was actually giggling. 'Miss Bartholomew,'
I said, 'I believe you're laughing at me.' She
began to giggle and immediately laughed
outright. Overcome with rage and mortifi-
cation, I started up to 'allow the servant who
came out just then for my *impediment*. Miss
Bartholomew called after me as I went in, hop-
ing I'd come down to dinner in good temper,
as she wished to know more of my friend, Mr.
Harding. What she meant I could not im-
agine. I should have thought she saw through
my false name, only that was impossible."

"Thus began my acquaintance with Miss
Bartholomew. I learned from the servant
that her first name was Juliana, or Julia for
short, and Julia for shorter; that she was near-
ly related to Miss Partington, and that the af-
fections of that estimable lady were already
and her money some time to be, equally di-
vided between Miss Bartholomew and myself.
The young lady's attractions were certainly of
a high order."

"I am not going to bore you with a detailed
account of the events of the next two weeks.
They might not interest you, but to me those
fourteen were the most blissful days of my ex-
istence. How could it be otherwise in the com-
pany of the aunt who adored me and the maiden
I adored! Alas! I sought in vain for assurance
that my passion was reciprocated. For half of
each day Juliana was an angel and treated me
with angelic consideration. We always had
some wild plan or other in view; and during
the long forenoons we scoured the country on
foot and on horseback, went biggy-riding and
boat-riding, and to me at least time flew on
the wings of love. But later, when she would
come down magnificently dressed for dinner,
she would, somehow or other, become quite a
different person—more lovely, perhaps, yet
hardly as lovable."

"But it's getting late, and I pass to the close
of my visit, and to the events which bear di-
rectly upon my correspondence. I was relieved
to find that Miss Bartholomew made no fur-
ther allusion to Mr. Ray Harding. The impres-
sion I had received on the morning of my
arrival, that she might possibly know my true
name, gradually wore away; indeed, when I
thought of it, how was it possible that she could
know me? As for Miss Partington, I flattered
myself that I had added several hundred thou-
sand dollars to Johnson's prospects by my de-
votion to her. She begged me to prolong my
visit, which indeed I should have been glad to
do, had not previous engagements rendered it
impossible."

"It was the day previous to that fixed for
my departure. We were at breakfast, and dis-
cussing that fact when the servant brought
Miss Partington the morning letters. As she
looked them over she came to one addressed to
Mr. Ray Harding—one that had come for me
at home, and my people, knowing my present
address, had forwarded it. I imagine my con-
sternation as she read the name aloud and look-
ed up inquiringly. I glanced at Miss Bartholomew.
She was regarding me exultingly. 'Ray Harding,'
she cried. 'Why, that must
be the friend of whom Mr. Johnson was tell-
ing me. His letter has probably come to look
up his valise.' I summoned all my inventive
genius for a whopper. 'The fact is,' I explained
to Miss Partington, 'Ray wrote me that he
should be down this way, and might do me the
honor to stop over this night or two with us. It
seems one of his letters has got here before
him.' 'But you are to go away to-morrow,'
put in Miss Bartholomew, wickedly. I cast an
imporing look across the table. Fortunately,
Miss Partington was already deep in a letter of
her own and took no further notice of us."

Breakfast over, I followed Miss Bartholomew
to the piazza. She looked at me with the air
of a detective officer.

"I hope you'll excuse my curiosity, Mr.
Johnson, but I should really like to know your
other *aliases*."

"I'm in your power," I groaned; 'do with
me what you will. 'Only, for heaven's sake,
don't tell my aunt.'"

"Your aunt?"

"My friend's aunt. It won't make much
difference to me, but she would be sure to dis-
inherit him, and I told her the whole story of
how we had conspired to deceive Miss Part-
ington. When I had finished she said:

"Well, if that is the case, you are not so
bad as I thought. Still you are in my power.'
'Alas, I am. But you will have mercy.'
'I've a great mind to denounce you for the
impostor that you are—'

"But you will not!"

"And tell Miss Partington—"

"You cannot be so cruel!"

"And send for the police—"

"Oh, heavens!"

"But I won't—"

"Angel!"

"On one consideration."

"Name it."

"You must excuse a little deception on my
part. I knew you the first morning you came.
Guess how?"

"I can't imagine. You surely had never
seen me?"

"No; but I was so fortunate as to possess
your picture."

"Where in the world did you get my pic-
ture?"

"Why, stupid, you sent it me. You've
been writing me silly letters all winter!"

"So you are Jennie Wheaton?" I gasped.

"Yes—that is I—I did not like to give you
my own name, so I gave you that of a friend
who was away from school at the time. When
she came back your last letter fell into her
hands, being directed to her; and she returned
it to you. I never dared tell her what us I
had made of her name."

"It was Miss Bartholomew's turn to look
ashamed of herself. 'Ah!' I cried, with de-
moniacal glee, 'so I am not the only one who
has been under false colors! Pardon my curi-
osity, but I should really like to know if you've
any other *aliases*!'"

"No reply. I went on severely. 'I deem
it my duty to write to the real Miss Wheaton—'

"You dare not!"

"And tell her all about it—"

"Wretch!"

"But I won't—"

"Thanks."

"If you will compromise."

"On what terms?"

"Neither of us to say anything more about
the matter, and—here I dropped into regula-
tion position and seized her hand—the con-
sensus to be resumed with a view—as the
advertisements say—to matrimony."

"Over what followed, gentlemen, permit
me to draw the veil of silence. There are
scenes too sacred for the profane eye and ear.
My story is done."

"But," says little Tubbs, who always want-
ed the truth, the whole truth, and a great deal
more than the truth if he could get it. "Did
Johnson's aunt ever find out the trick he played
on her?"

"Well, I'm inclined to think she did," an-
swered Ray. "At least, she died a little while
after, and left him six hundred—cents. All
the rest went to Miss Bartholomew. But it
won't make much difference, as I hear he is to
marry her soon."

"What! Didn't she accept you?" cried all
his listeners, in wonder.

"Oh, by no means. You might have known
that from what I wrote in her album."

"And what was that?" persisted Tubbs.

"'Tis sweet to court but oh, 'tis bitter,
To court a girl and then not get her.'"

CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED.

The chagrined and baffled earl started after
Lady Alice as she ran; Lord Ross followed
him; only the rector and the countess stood
still, looking after that strange flight; the ser-
vants and Barbara moved quickly to the door.

Arthur Granbury, who stood quite away
from the group about the altar, and nearest to
the door, was the first to reach the vestibule
and the pavement outside. Lady Alice, flying
like some white dove, found a place of refuge
by instinct.

It was certainly no premeditation which
impelled her to spring into the carriage which
Barbara had furnished for her expected flight
with Delorme.

"Come!" she cried, wildly, turning her pale
face and seeing the American coming out of
the vestibule in advance of the others, "you prom-
ised to help me!"

"I will do what I can," replied Arthur,
springing to her side. "Oh, coachman! Take
my road now; close; and if you distance par-
suit you shall have ten guineas," and the driver
did not spare his horses."

Lord Ross leaped into one of the castle coach-
es; but it was large and heavy, and the fat
coachman and the fat horses were not equal to
the occasion. Swear as he might, tear the
whip from the servant's hand and lash the
animals himself, fret and fume and curse the
carriage, the coachman, the day, everybody—
all this did not enable him to keep up with the
escaping pair.

It was a curious runaway. Something of its
strangeness, of its ludicrous aspect even, sug-
gested itself to Lady Alice as their vehicle
whipped over the first five miles of road; she
turned to her companion and, smiling faintly,
said, with some of her natural archness:

"I did not expect to run away with you,
sir," and then, before he could ask her if she
had any lady friend to whom he could take
her, her fair little head, all bare save for the
bridal veil, drooped against his shoulder, and
he found, to his dismay, that the excitement
had been too much for her—as soon as she had
felt herself comparatively safe she had taken
the opportunity to faint away."

The day was cold, the lady unprepared for a
long drive—not even a shawl to throw over
the satin and lace of her bridal dress.

"Driver, we must stop somewhere."

"Yes, sir. There's a cottage just ahead, sir—
a turn of the road will bring it to view. There's
a aunt o' mine owns it an' lives in it, sir. We
might drop the young lady there, an' drive
on as if nothink 'ad appened—the bend an' the
trees will purtend their a-seeing of us leaving
her there. I'll just speak a sly word to the old
woman, an' she'll take good care o' the lady un-
til we can come back for her to-night. What
do you say, sir?"

The best thing that can be done. She will
freeze here; and she is in a dead faint, now."

"Here's the cottage now. My aunt's a clean
body, an' will see to her better 'an we can;
she's in the nursing line, you know, sir. We
must be quick about it, or that there other ve-
hicle will be around the turn. So, now, who's
in—she isn't a hinfant's weight—an' the old wo-
man 'll know what to do for her. There, now,
it's all right. We'll drive on like mad, as if
we had her in here; an' we'll make a ten-mile
circuit an' get back to the village."

The driver's ruse succeeded. Lord Ross's
carriage came dashing around the turn just as
the first one had got well under way again,
and passed the cottage, unsuspectingly, in full
pursuit.

In the course of a couple of hours Mr. Gran-
bury found himself at the inn. Paying the
driver the ten guineas he had promised him,
and charging him to come, before dark, for
further instructions, he entered the inn, and
was met by Barbara and a tall young gentle-
man, whom she introduced to him, with a
slight blush, as Mr. Dunleath.

"He has not been here five minutes," she said.
"He came on as soon as the track could be
cleared; and, fearing he was too late to prevent
the marriage, he came directly here to learn
what he could about the affair. What have
you done with Lady Alice?"

"Left her in the care of an old nurse in a
cottage by the roadside. I shall be only too
glad to direct Mr. Dunleath where to find her;
for I do not wholly like the responsibility I so
rashly assumed. Abduction of a young lady
under age is no light misdemeanor to be guilty
of; and in a strange country, too."

"I hope you never will repent your gen-
erous aid," spoke Delorme, warmly, pressing the
young man's hand; his eyes went searching
from Arthur's face to Barbara's, and the sad-
ness of his look touched Barbara's very soul,
which she vainly tried to envelop in pride.

That sadness she attributed wholly to the death
of his boy—that jealousy of her companion
had anything to do with it she could not un-
derstand. She yearned to speak some words
of sympathy in Delorme's ear; but Lady Al-
ice would do that before many hours. She
must not forget that he belonged to Lady Al-
ice; no, not that he was one who would speak
an untruth, upon temptation.

Arthur Granbury, little dreaming that this
was his rival he saw before him—little dream-
ing of the relations these two had once held to-
ward each other, or of the stormy sea of emo-
tion now rising and falling in Barbara's throbbing
bosom—was very pleasant to Mr. Delorme
Dunleath, giving him directions to go to
Sam Hicks, the driver, who would take him to
Lady Alice Ross; and pressing him to call upon
him at the inn, that evening, to report to Miss
Rensselaer, who would be anxious about it—
how the young lady was faring.

"Thank you, Mr. Granbury," Delorme had
responded, earnestly, though still with that
shadowed face. "After what has passed we
are bound to be friends. That is, if you will
allow it. I must see you again, by all means.
And I sincerely hope no trouble will come to
you for what you have done this day."

"I expect my father to-night or to-morrow,"
said Barbara. "And then we shall go at once to
London. But if I can be of any service to
Lady Alice, either here, or after we reach Lon-
don, pray, Mr. Dunleath, let me know."

How cold that silvery-sweet voice was—how
colly kind. It was intolerable to have her
speak to him that way, to have her throw Lady
Alice on his hands with that meaning air, to
have that Mr. Granbury watching her every
movement with the adoring air of an accepted
lover. Yes, intolerable! worse than the loss
of the noble boy he had mourned as his own.
Delorme bowed stiffly and walked away—if he
had tried to speak his choking voice would
have betrayed him.

It is strange that no one comes to molest
me," remarked Arthur, when Delorme had
gone to consult the driver. "The news does
not appear to have reached the village at all.
Perhaps they will pursue a wise course, and
attempt to hush it up."

It was strange that even Lord Ross, breath-
ing vengeance, did not burst into Dunleath vil-
lage after the abduction.

Meantime, Delorme, always wise and tem-
perate, concluded that he would have an inter-
view with his aunt before he attempted to
place himself in the position of Lady Alice's
protector. If he took Lady Alice under his
care it must be as his wife.

Delorme was not ready for so decisive a
step.

That night of Barbara in the village inn had
made such a course impossible to him.

After a talk with Sam Hicks he set out, on
the chilly winter afternoon, to walk to the
castle; but before he reached it he learned
what had happened at the cathedral after Lady
Alice and Mr. Granbury had fled, and Barbara
had walked off by herself.

CHAPTER XXIII.
AND AGAIN BEFORE THE ALTAR.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned over Dunleath
—castle towers, cathedral spires, village and
bay—white and breathless. The first snow of
the season had fallen silently and softly as
down during the night, and sunrise revealed
it clinging to tree and bush and building so
thickly and so lightly—while the world was
wrapped in such a tender, noiseless silence—
that this snow seemed sent to muffle the world
in a sort of ghostly mourning.

For Christmas, in the small world of Dun-
leath, was not a day of festivity, as it should
have been. It had been set for the wedding
day of the young earl. But no marriage-bells
rung out their merry chimes. Instead of that,
over the ghostly stillness and the ghostly white-
ness sounded the deep tolling of the funeral-bells.

Herbert, seventh Earl of Dunleath, to the
sound of that melancholy music, entered the
great cathedral—not joyfully, with high-
throbbing heart, as the bridegroom of a warm
young bride—but slowly, with pale face and
pulsless bosom, as the bridegroom of Death,
was borne within the portal and placed be-
fore the altar.

His bridal day was his burial day.

The castle which had so long been closed to
visitors was open to all. People of rank from
all over England came to the funeral. Eight
young nobles walked beside the bier. The
people of the country flocked in a vast throng
to the cathedral. No longer was the broken-
hearted mother compelled to keep her friends
and strangers at a distance from her darling—
her son, whom she would fain have hidden,
during his unhappy life, in her very heart, if
this she could have shielded his infirmities
from the eyes of the curious and the scandal-
izing. There was no infirmity now to hide.
God had healed him.

Herbert looked very beautiful as he lay in
his coffin. The thick-clustering ringlets lay
darkly on his high, white forehead; the long
black lashes of his closed eyes lay tenderly on
his pale cheeks; his delicately-molded features
were fine and perfect as if carved in ivory.

There remained no trace of the fearful
spasms in the midst of which he had passed out
of life.

The convulsions to which he was subject had
seized him as he pursued Lady Alice down the
church aisle.

This was why Lord Ross only had joined in
the chase along the road. Miss Rensselaer had
noticed that the earl staggered and fell near
the vestibule; but she had gone immediately
outside, and finding the runaway girl safe in
Arthur's charge, had walked quietly back to
the inn, and so did not learn the shocking tid-
ings.

The countess, the rector, curate, and ser-
vants, remained with the sufferer, whose
spasms were more frightful than they had ever
been. Jackson was there, with the remedies
which the doctor had taught him to use; but
the delicate frame of the earl had been too
often and too severely racked to bear the terri-
ble strain of this fit, which rage, disap-
pointment, jealousy, and the attempt to seize
the flying girl, had combined to bring upon
him. The countess, gazing with equal mental
torment upon this suffering which she could not
relieve, had scarcely given the order for a ser-
vant to hasten for the physician, before she re-
called it.

"It is too late. He is dead. Oh, my son!"

her. Afraid of her father—who had only spoken to her once since the funeral, and then to threaten and upbraid her—shrinking from the countess as from a phantom of wrath—not knowing what she was to do, or what would become of her, she was writhed enough.

Her white face, and eyes dim with weeping, were in keeping with her mourning garments. In a week Lord Ross took his daughter away. The countess did not leave her room to say farewell. After they were gone, she sent for Delorme to come to her.

Tears burst suddenly from his sad eyes at sight of his aunt's face—haggard, old, changed, but haughty still.

"Oh, aunt!" he cried, trying to take her hand, but she refused it.

His tears even appeared to offend her.

"That has come to pass," she said to him, in a slow, cold, dead kind of voice, "which I would have given my life to prevent. My son is dead, without an heir, and you are the eighth Earl of Dunleath. This castle is yours, with all that is in it. I sent for you to say that to-morrow I shall go to my town-house—my own mind, you—leaving you in full possession here."

"Aunt, you are cruel to speak so to me. I do not want the title! I do not want this place. Remain here in peace as long as you like. I shall not annoy you with the sight of my face. Next week, or the week after, I start for Egypt, to be away all winter."

"Go or come, as you please, Earl of Dunleath, it is nothing to me. I could not endure to stop here now. Did they not tell me," she condescended to ask, after a pause, "that your son died, too?"

"Herbert's child died of scarlet fever the day before his father," answered Delorme, looking full in his aunt's face.

For once the proud woman winced. Quickly recovering herself, she said:

"You know the truth at last, then?"

"Yes. And I only remain at Dunleath Castle, until the body of the dead boy can be forwarded here. I want to see it placed by his father's side in our ancestral vaults. When that is over, I am going away for I know not how long."

"And—Lady Alice?" the countess forced herself to inquire.

"What about her?"

"You will marry her some day. Not too soon, for the sake of my poor boy?"

"Not soon, aunt, you may rest assured of that. I shall provide for her maintenance, if her father casts her off. But I am not inclined to marry myself; at least, not soon. Change, travel, the life of a rover, will best suit me."

"I will bid you farewell now, then, nephew. I shall not see you again, for I shall not leave my room until I leave it to go out from these doors forever."

"Farewell, aunt. God be with you. I am sorry that you turn against me—that you will not allow me to be a son in place of him you have lost."

He said it very humbly, very tenderly; but the unyielding woman, sorely as she needed a friend and helper, waved her hands as of waving him away, and he bowed his head and went out.

A groan was crushed back on Delorme's lips as he descended the stairs. He was an earl now, rich, independent, untroubled, with "the world before him where to choose"—but he was desolate and unhappy. He walked through the ancient, pictured hall, through the luxurious drawing-rooms, the pleasant library, starting through the windows at the walks and fountains, rose-gardens and terraces wrapped in snow. Ah! if she were here, how the old castle would change into a fairy palace of all pleasure and delight!

But she was lost to him. That Mr. Granbury—such a fine, lovable, handsome, courtly gentleman—had saved her life, been her sole companion and protector through all her troubles; it was plain to see how he felt toward Barbara—his every look proved that he adored the ground she touched with her foot. She would, or did already, return his affection. They would make a splendid pair. Fate had always been against him—had dogged him from his boyhood. He had lost the sole woman in the world whom it was possible for him to care to love for a wife.

And then he thought of fair, timid, womanly, yet childish little Alice. She would love him, and be grateful for his kindness.

What was his duty toward her? He had never yet explained away the mistake she had made in her manner of taking what he said to her in the line avenue. She had, therefore, a right to expect that he would make some explicit avowal to her before he went away on a long journey.

Wandering about the sumptuous rooms of Dunleath Castle, looking over the broad acres which his cousin had let fall from dead hands into his own—suddenly, Delorme took a resolution which ended all his wavering, and decided his future.

One week from then the castle was abandoned to the care of the ancient butler and the housekeeper—the gates were locked, the furniture covered, the rooms closed.

The countess had gone to her town-house there to slumber with away under a grief which she refused to share with others.

The new earl had gone to London also—perhaps not to stop long; but, at all events, to decide his fate.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 840.)

Dandy Jim.

BY EBBE E. REEFORD.

"I just hate that Jim Dallas," exclaimed Charley Haynes, as he watched the young exquisite go mincing down the street, after a call on his sister. "He is the most disagreeable fellow I ever saw. He thinks there's nobody nice enough to talk to him, except the girls, and so he snubs us boys if we dare to open our mouths to him. I just owe you one, Dandy Jim Dallas, and I'll be even with you yet. See if I don't!"

Charley shook his fists after the retreating figure, and looked scowlingly ferocious, as he meditated on the many slights and snubs he had received from the young gentleman, who never deigned to notice him unless when he was making a call on his sister, or some similar occasion, when he could not very well help recognizing the existence of such a mortal as Charley Haynes.

It was about a week after the morning on which Charley declared his intentions of paying off Mr. Dallas for his high-and-mighty way of doing business, that something occurred in which Charley discovered a possible chance for a liquidation of his debt, and he forthwith determined to take advantage of it.

He was going down the street, when he met Mr. Dallas. Usually that gentleman passed him with a very cool bow. Now he bowed patronizingly and actually put out his hand, which Charley proceeded to shake, wondering—

ly. He knew well enough that "something was in the wind." Dandy Jim would never have unbent like that, unless he had an object in view.

"I was walking without having any definite idea of where I was going," explained Mr. Dallas, as he turned and walked along with Charley. "If you've no objections, I'll walk your way as far as Broadway."

"Oh, no, of course not," answered Charley, who was quite overcome with the honor Mr. Dallas was conferring on him.

"Are you going to the masquerade ball next week?" asked Mr. Dallas, presently.

"No, I don't expect to," answered Charley.

"Is your sister?" asked Mr. Dallas.

Charley began to see his way clear; he fancied he knew what Mr. Dallas's object was, now.

"Yes, I think she is," answered he; though, if the truth must be told, he really didn't think anything about it, as he had never heard anything about the ball before.

"You don't know, I suppose, what her costume will be?" asked Mr. Dallas, evidently very much interested in the subject.

"No, I don't," answered Charley. "I could find out easily enough if I wanted to, though."

"I wish you would," said Mr. Dallas. "I'll do as much for you some time if you'll find out and let me know."

Charley couldn't help smiling over the idea of Mr. Dallas "doing as much for him some time," but he managed to keep his face tolerably straight, and agreed to find out what character Miss Rose Haynes was to personate at the fancy-ball, and let Mr. Dallas know as soon as possible.

The first thing he did, on reaching home, was to find out if Rose was going. When he found out that she was not going, he made her promise not to "let on to a soul" that she was not to be at the ball, and promised that she should see some fun as the result.

The next time he saw Dallas, he informed him that if he wanted to pay particular attention to a "certain member of the Haynes family"—I quote Charley's own words—at the masquerade, he must keep on the look-out for a nun who would wear a white rose on her breast. Which information Dallas received with profuse thanks, and a determination to make the most of the opportunity. He was half in love with Miss Rose Haynes, and entirely in love with the money her father could afford to settle on her whenever she married. Money was something Dallas wasn't greatly troubled with, and he was beginning to think that it was getting time he married a fortune and settled down. At this masquerade he determined to put his fate to the test, and win Miss Rose if possible.

The first thing Charley did, after imparting his valuable information to Dallas regarding the nun, was to interview half a dozen young men, whom he knew to be persons who disliked Dallas, having been snubbed and ignored by him several times, and to them Charley unfolded his plot, which promised fun for them, as well as an opportunity to get a joke on Dallas.

The night of the masquerade came. Dallas was on hand at an early hour, in the costume of a Spanish knight. He hung about the entrance, keeping close watch for any nun who might so far have forgotten her cloister vows as to wander to a scene like this.

Presently he caught sight of the very one he was waiting for—a figure clad in a long, trailing robe of gray stuff, with a white rose on her breast. A close hood concealed her hair, with the exception of a lock or two which straggled from their confinement, and in those yellow strands he recognized the tresses over which he had gone into raptures, at Mrs. Mallory's grand party, and a lock of which had been promised him some time, by their fair owner. He would have it to-night.

He made his way to the shy nun's side, and bent and whispered something to the effect that his soul had told him who she was, and would have recognized her anywhere, and a lot more of very sentimental stuff, to which the nun responded faintly.

He drew her arm within his, and they began to promenade. At every opportunity he whispered his sentimental nonsense to her, and she seemed pleased to listen, but evidently did not care to talk much.

By-and-by he asked her to go to the conservatory with him, saying that he had something very important to ask her.

He did not see the handkerchief which the nun managed to drop, but a cavalier did. And as they went their way toward the conservatory, they were followed at a distance by the cavalier, a bishop, a prince and a clown, and these illustrious persons of a former age slipped noiselessly into the conservatory behind them and hid themselves among the shadows of the plants.

"I have wanted to ask you this question for some time," said Dallas, taking the hand of the unresisting nun in his, and caressing it in such a fond way that the poorly bishop came near bursting off several buttons at the sight.

The nun made no reply.

"I know who you were the moment I saw you," went on Dallas. "I think no disguise could hide you so completely that the eye of love could not find you out."

This time the prince was so pleased that he came near knocking over a great vase of geraniums, with his repressed demonstrations of delight. But the cavalier gave him a warning dig in the ribs, which caused him to quiet down.

"Yes, dear Rose, love sees through any disguise," said Dallas, lovingly. "Do you know what I want to ask you?"

The nun answered faintly that she did not.

"But your heart must tell you," said Dallas.

"You must have seen before this, that I love you, darling."

The nun was terribly agitated. She trembled all over with excitement.

"Be calm, dear," he said, putting his arms around her.

Cavalier, bishop, clown and prince were all greatly agitated.

"I love you, dearest Rose," he whispered, in the most approved style of romance, and gently slid to his knees before her.

"Oh, Rose, my darling, I never loved any one else before. I swear it."

The poor nun was so excited that he feared her emotion would entirely overcome her. She swayed to and fro like a lily in the wind. He drew her down until her head rested upon his shoulder, and tried to soothe her.

"Oh, be calm, dearest," he said. "Tell me, will you be mine?"

The nun answered that she hadn't any objections.

"Oh, bless you, bless you!" he cried, delightedly. "When may I call and see your father?"

"To-morrow," answered the nun, brokenly, and the cavalier fell over into the bishop's arms, almost as much agitated as the nun was.

"Oh, my dear angel!" whispered Dallas, embracing her, "you don't know how happy you have made me. I never experienced such com-

plete joy before. Darling, give me one sweet kiss."

The clown lay back and shook his striped sides till the flower-pots jingled, but the wooer was too intent on his love-making to hear anything.

The nun allowed him to loosen her mask, and the minute it dropped from her face he imprinted a long and ardent kiss upon her lips.

"Oh! oh! oh!" the nun burst out into the most frantic demonstrations of delight. Never did lover's kiss so affect a maiden before. She lay back in her chair, and he wondered if she were going crazy. At first he hardly heard the scream of delight which the cavalier, the clown, the prince and the bishop sent up, until the conservatory rung. But gradually he began to realize that something strange had happened, and began to be frightened.

"Dear Rose!" he said, tenderly, "what does this strange conduct mean?"

"Oh, call around to-morrow and ask father," groaned the damsel, going off again into a paroxysm of delight. "Do you—want another—kiss—Jimmy?"

Off tumbled the nun's hood, and with it her yellow hair, and there before him was the convulsed face of Charley Haynes. He knew now what the laughter from behind the plants meant, and he gave one horrified glance that way, and saw four faces which he recognized as belonging to as many of the jolliest boys in town, and then—he turned and ran.

"Come round to-morrow, Jimmy dear!" called Charley after him, and then the rafters rang again.

But Dandy Jim did not call around the next day. He found out that he was wanted in Boston, on urgent business, and left on the earliest train. Of course the whole story got out, and if he ever comes back to New York the boys will make it lively for him. Charley Haynes didn't get over his adventure for a week.

"I'll learn him to snub a fellow because he don't happen to be more than sixteen, and, and—oh, dear!" and when he got so far he generally laughed till he cried, to think of Dallas's kiss, and his agreement to call around and "consult papa."

GOOD-BY.

One, dark and lavish, in her Southern way,
Dropped a fierce jewel in your vanishing hand;
One, white and timid, said—what did she say?
Ah, rose geranium, could you understand?
With an exceeding great and bitter cry
Down in my heart, I said to you—Good-by.

Others looked toward you from the music's flight,
And with mock-sadness or young laughter gave
Their parting words, full in the double light
Of lamp and mirror.

Sailing toward your grave,
To-morrow's ship, with pale masts hoisted high,
Half-knowing this, you said to me—Good-by.

There came a time when Night, a phantom priest,
Held to your dying lips the star-wrought cross.
I saw no morning in the after East;
The utter darkness held an utter loss.

And wind and water with one broken sigh
Wandered about the world and said—Good-by.

Since then Youth left me, with a lover's grace,
Oh, beautiful and sorrowful and dim,
Far in the backward mist I see his face;
I kissed his gold head, and called to him;
Tears looked at tears. Better it is to die
Than part with him, and yet I said—Good-by.

And now, if violets fade or crescents round,
If butterflies go wavering from my hand;
If dew goes dry and win a drop to the ground;
If Christ in thorns turns from a thorny land;
With great and bitter cry
Down in my heart, I only say—Good-by.

Writing a Story.

BY JOHN SMITH.

"I wish I could write a story like you," said I to my wife, one day. You see, my wife is a successful authoress, whose talents are in constant demand, and the thoughts run from the end of her rapidly-moving pen like the crushed fragments from a coffee-mill. This expression may not be elegant, but it fits the idea, exactly.

And not only do her ideas flow so freely, but they are such that form sentiments and expressions and situations the most eloquent and dramatic. At one moment you will fall in love with the delightfully-described heroines, with her fascinating eyes and peachy complexion and immaculate form, so vividly displayed in a graceful pull-back. Then comes the handsome hero, with his blue eyes and blonde mustache portrayed in such a manner that one actually feels jealous. And the inevitable bad fellow, who comes in just at the time when all is serene and raises trouble on all sides, one feels an irresistible desire to annihilate on the spot, so that all things will be happy again.

Such a writer is my wife. It may not be altogether disinterested on my part to speak of her qualifications so flatteringly, you may say; but, perhaps it is the best way to do. If all husbands spoke in this manner of their "better halves," divorce courts would be closed and "To Let" pasted on the door.

But insignificant me! I am only a poor printer, with no ideas about a composing-stick, and a knowledge of French limited to the two words "bourgeois" and "nonpareil." Feeling this intellectual inferiority suggested the expression:

"I wish I could write a story like you."

"Why don't you try?" was the responsive query.

"Try! What good for me to try! Why, I wouldn't know how to commence."

"Suppose I give you a lesson," responded my good-natured wife.

"A lesson in story-writing," laughed I, derisively. "You might as well endeavor to teach an elephant to climb a tree! But," I added, after a moment's consideration, "just for the fun of the thing, tell me how you do it—just how you do it, exactly. Imagine now, that I have accepted your proffered tutelage and I am your humble pupil ready for the first lesson."

"Well," responded my wife, taking her seat at my side, "the first thing you do is to get your paper and ink ready."

"Of course," I laughed.

"Get Commercial Note," she continued, not heeding my interruption. "They like that size the best; it is easier for the editors to examine, and more convenient for the compositors to set their type from. And then be sure to write only on one side of the paper."

Being a printer myself I knew all this. Many's the time have I wished bad luck upon some miserable local aspirant who covered all four sides of the sheet with fine writing so that when it had to be cut into "takes" it was all mixed up. But being a pupil in this novel school I held my peace.

"Then," continued my instructor, "you must have ready in your mind what is to be the nature of your story; a sort of outline or skeleton, so to speak. And all you have to do then is to commence writing, and fill in your outline so that when it is completed it is an in-

teresting story. It is better to leave the heading till the last. Let the head depend upon the nature of the story."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, that's all," was the reply. "When this is done the story is finished, and all you've now to do is to send it to the paper. If it is acceptable, you receive your pay. If not, it will be 'declined, with thanks.' The percentage is ninety-nine against one, that it will be 'respectfully declined.'"

"Encouraging, isn't it?" said I; "ninety-nine against one, eh? Surely Mr. Sankey must have endeavored to be an author at some time in his life, from the wonderfully pathetic manner in which he sings 'Ninety and Nine!'"

"That's all!" Why that's easy enough. All you have to do is to get your paper ready and get a skeleton and fill in, and head next. Pooh! That's easy enough, surely, thought I.

And I mentally vowed I would leave sticking type at once and wear good clothes, live like a gentleman, henceforth earning my income in the rosy paths of literature.

I procured the paper, and cut it into half-sheets that were just perfect. My pen dipped in the ink, and I was ready to begin.

Let's see. The next thing was the outline or skeleton. But where the dickens was I to get this skeleton? Where the intellectual cemetery whence to exhume this literary combination of skull, vertebrae, ribs and members? Leave the heading till the last! Yes, that was a good idea. But then, I could put in the small-cap line naming the matter, leaving room for the caption. Leaving three lines for the head and one for a flourish of the pen to represent a dash, I commenced to write the name of the author in the fourth line.

By—

But here came another trouble. If I say Smith, "By John Smith," how would they know it was me, from any other John Smith? And how would I feel with some other John Smith parading down the street with a copy of the paper containing the story sticking out of his overcoat pocket? But, even that would be better than a *nom-de-plume*, for then it would be worse than ever, for who would even recognize me in some high-sounding cognomen like "Colonel Ellsworth Mackey," or "Captain John Dickens!" No, simple "John Smith" was better.

And, besides, why should I go back on myself, when years ago Miss Pocahontas so nobly stood by my great, grand-father!

So I wrote:

By JOHN SMITH.

So far, so good. The heading I needn't bother with till the last, and now I only wanted the skeleton.

Never before did I think so hard for an idea. I scratched my head till my hair stood out in all directions like a rat's nest. I don't know whether a rat's nest stands out in all directions, but it's the best expression I can think of just now. I thought, and thought, and thought, and made pictures with my pen to assist my ideas, until, after about an hour, I concluded I would write a love story.

The scene was at Long Branch; surely that was original. I would write the introduction first and fill in the characters afterward. I commenced:

"The bright July sun was just sinking beneath the glimmering billows, and the piazzas of the Long Branch hotels were filled with gayly chatting ladies and gentlemen. On the sandy beach leading from the hotel walked Leonard and Arabella. She was dressed in—"

Here I was stuck. What Arabella wore on that particular occasion was utterly beyond my comprehension. However, I would hunt up a fashion-book and fit her out with something stylish, and with the progress thus far made I felt pretty well pleased, until, happening to look out of the window I saw the ground covered with snow, and pedestrians hurrying along at rapid gait to keep from freezing. That wouldn't do. A Long Branch story at this time of the year! And when I came to think of it, I observed other discrepancies that were out of place. If I remember rightly, the sun at Long Branch doesn't set in the waters at all, and the hotel piazzas face more to the east than to the west. Neither does the beach lead down from the hotel. That confounded "bluff" has bluffed me out of my description entirely.

No, that wouldn't do. So I gave up the Long Branch idea, and at the same time concluded I wouldn't make it a love story either. Love stories are too common, too sickish! Good enough for women to write, and women to read perhaps; but the idea of a man stooping to such things! Why, I'm ashamed of myself.

What then? Let me see. Let me see. An adventure? Yes, I'll have it an adventure. A regular Western Indian story. That will be better. To be sure I was never out West, but once I saw an Indian show in a theater, and that's more than a good many real Western travelers ever saw.

But I will proceed with my Indian story:

"No-um-sit, the Flower of the Tribe, the indomitable Sioux, stole her way cautiously from the old chiefs wigwam to the heart of the impenetrable forest. She was skimming for her pale-faced lover. The dense foliage hid the twinkling stars from sight, and all was as dark as Erebus. As she walked noiselessly along, her fair form was shadowed on the forest leaves from the silvery light of the full, bright moon. She met her pale-faced lover under the stately pine, and the two embraced. Alas! they little knew they were dogged. They little knew behind her had skulked the old chief and Thunder-Bolt, her Indian lover. They were each behind a tree. They cocked their trusty rifles, and with their malicious eyes gleaming down the bright lengths of their barrels, respectively, they took deliberate aim—the old chief at the girl, and Thunder-Bolt at the pale-faced hunter, and at the very instant they embraced there was a sharp report, as the two weapons exploded simultaneously, followed by the crashing of the bullets as they went to their unerring marks; a piercing shriek, a deadly groan, and all was still—"

But now I'm in another scrape. I want the story to turn out that that young pale-face marries that young Indian girl; and here, before I've fairly commenced, I've got them both killed. How am I going to get them out of this predicament? With the hero and heroine both slaughtered in cold blood, what's the use of going on further! The story is done. It has finished itself. A little while ago I was wanting a skeleton to fill in. Now I've two skeletons, already filled in, and don't know what to do with them.

But then, I don't like these Indian stories, after all. They're altogether too trashy. Now that I think of it, I am glad that I have concluded to give up the idea. We want something more elevating; more refined; something really *high-toned*; something that will set a good example. Like this, for instance, I thought, commencing again:

"As Miss Flora McFlimney, in her silks and satins, stopped down the white marble steps of her Fifth Avenue brown-stone residence, she met a poor, sickly-looking woman leading

along a poor, sickly-looking little boy. Her heart was touched at once, and thrusting her hand down into her pocket, she pulled forth her jeweled portmanteau—"

But that won't do. I must have something more natural. Elegantly dressed belles from Fifth Avenue sometimes don't act *that* way! Besides, they have hearts that aren't so easily touched. I guess I will try something else, for, to tell the truth, I don't know much about Fifth Avenue belles, anyway.

Then I tried to write some poetry, but all that I could think of was that "passenger" that paid his "fares" in the "horse-cadre." Confound the idiot that invented horse-car poetry!

But, psaw! What's the use fooling longer in this sort of a fashion? Why not plunge right into it at once, like a boy diving head first into the water, and then trusting to luck to get out of it? Just look at the time I have wasted when I might just as well have been making progress all this time! I plunge, then:

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! What do you think? Who do you think's going to be married?"

There, that's elegant, isn't it? Who could beat that?

"It was a fair young girl that bounded into the rose-tinted parlor—"

—that's the girl we mean—and was trimmed with lace lambrequins and Brussels carpet—

I'm talking about the parlor, you know. As she—that is, the girl—laid her hand on the fair arm of her companion, like the alabaster statues that stood on the mantel, which was of white marble—the mantel was carved in clusters of grapes, she—that is, the companion—standing by the other girl, the one that had just bounded in, you know—well, this man I was telling about that was about to be married—! What I want to say is that this girl—"

Drat it, I don't believe I've started right, after all! This "plunging in" business isn't as easy as it looks, after all. It is easy enough to plunge in; but how about getting out? I will try some other plan. I will get everything ready first and then plunge in afterward. Once more:

"It was a calm, cold night, and a solitary—"

Look here, old man, if you don't get to bed pretty soon, you'll never be up in time to go to work in the morning. Besides, you're wasting gas!

Wasn't that a cheerful way to interrupt a literary man a his labors? Isn't it coming from the sublime to the ridiculous with a sudden jump? I looked at my watch. After one o'clock, as sure as I am a sinner! From seven o'clock to one trying to write a story, and not even a commencement made yet! Well, I guess, after all, I had better stick to type-setting, and leave this story-writing business to somebody else who can't set type. I don't believe it is so very easy a thing to do, after all, and I conclude not to enter the rosy paths of literature just now. Some other time I will feel more like it, and then I will show that I can write a story.

I'm glad, now, that I left the head until the last, as my wife advised when I began.

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THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I suppose that you often have heard
(If not read) of the Prodigal Son.
In a book your parents used
In times which are long since gone.
His father was well-to-do,
And many a thousand scored,
But all that he gave to his son
Was the money he wanted, and board.

This was hundreds of years ago,
Perhaps you remember it not;
For recollections oft fail.
But his was a sorrowful lot.
He signed for his father's bonds,
And asked for his railway shares,
But the man who insured his life
Put him down for a hundred years.

He had plenty of clothes to wear—
The very finest and best,
With coat of exquisite cloth,
Plug hat and a velvet vest.
But he sighed for something more,
And without the old man's request,
He forsook the old gentleman's roof
And went to speculate in the West.

With a little spent here and spent there
Of what they denominate pelf,
For it dwindles away unto naught
I never could see well myself;
But the money he carried along—
Although on string cards he would bet—
Of interest brought not a cent,
Nor did he the principal get.

He got a loose habit of losing
His money in "going it blind,"
And the horses on which he would stake
Got a habit of lagging behind.
So, hungry and weary and lone,
With his mind upon suicide bent,
He counted his money one night
And found that he hadn't a cent.

His clothing was not a whole suit,
But instead, was an old suit of holes;
His body was clear out of heart,
And his shoes were clear out of soles.
So a clerkship he managed to get,
Of carrying husks to the swine,
Till in sorrow he huskily moaned,
"What a lot (not of piglets) is mine!"

The man, missing some of his stock,
Allowed him to graduate quick,
So this prodigal son started home
Reduced into fractions, and sick.
So he went and he sat on the fence,
An object to make a man laugh,
His father was sorely perplexed,
If he should kill him or the calf.

But the son thought he meant to kill him
For he took him and wallowed him sore,
Till he promised as sure as he lived
He never would go away more.
And he'd been a fool if he had,
For I think that the easiest plan,
To get along fine in this life,
Is to stay and live on the old man.

Adrift on the Prairie:

OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG HIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM,"
"HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC.II.—FISHING AFTER NIGHT.—TRACKS IN THE
SAND.

We watched the sun go down that evening
With an interest we never experienced before.
His beams quivered along the sky and
stole westward across the plain, with the shadows
of night creeping after like an assassin.
He seemed loath to leave the glories of earth,
but finally sunk from view in a sea of purple
glory.

The little lake strove hard to hold on its glimmering
surface the radiance of the departed god
of day. Like a sheen of polished silver it lay
silent and tranquil, giving forth its phosphorescent
glow while the shadows of night gathered
and deepened around it. But, little by
little, the gloom absorbed the lingering light,
until the blackness of oblivion seemed to have
engulfed us and the little sheet.

The haze and darkness together blotted out
the stars. The moon would not be up until after
midnight, and so we composed ourselves the
best we could. We sat down in the solitude
of the night to converse. Our voices sounded
husky to each other under the depressing shadows
of the hour.

As the night advanced, a gentle south wind
rose, and tiny waves began a ceaseless murmur
as they stole up to kiss the shore at our feet.
Now and then the far-off howl of a prairie
wolf, or the boom of a bittern in an adjacent
swamp, startled the hollow echoes of night.

We retired earlier than usual that night,
trusting our safety to the sagacious yellow dog
curled up and sleeping so soundly under the
wagon. We knew, if any danger approached,
that we should be awakened by his terrified yelps,
for if there was a cowardly creature on earth
it was that identical dog, Ben.

We slept soundly and arose with the first
streaks of dawn greatly refreshed and invigorated
by our rest. We went down to the lake
and made a thorough ablution in the
clear, limpid waters. A fire was then struck
and breakfast prepared. We had fish, done to
a crisp brown, bread and coffee for our maternal
meal.

The heavens grew brighter and brighter
above us, and our spirits seemed to enlarge
and expand with joy and exuberance, as the
sullen-browed night slunk away into the west.
The whole ethereal expanse above was gradually
kindling into a blaze, and at length it burst
into a flame. The day was upon us, and the
clear, ringing sounds of slumbering nature
rose upon the breath of the rosy morn.

The blue haze that had so completely enshrouded
the distance on the preceding day, had become
somewhat rarefied by the beams of the new sun,
and for the first time we now discovered
a log cabin and a stable surrounded by a fence,
some eighty rods to the north of us.

That it was the residence of the owner of those
boats we had made so free with, we had not a
doubt; and at once dispatched George to the
house to ascertain whether we were right. If so,
he was authorized to effect terms of compromise
with the old man whom Jim had so ruthlessly
baptized, and if possible, hire his boats for the
party's use.

George set off on his mission with no little
reluctance, for he was afraid the old man
would give him a cool, if not violent, reception.
With slow footsteps he approached the house,
and when within a few rods of it, he was sud-
denly struck by the sound of a voice singing
like a nightingale. He stopped and listened.
He heard the words:

"All in the rosy morn,
My love he came to me,
Acknowledging the corn
He loved me dearly."

It was a female voice, soft and sweet.
George smiled as he listened to the words, but
taking courage he advanced with a firmer step.
As he neared the stable he saw a young girl en-
gaged in milking a brindle cow, and singing
like a lark.

"Good-morning, Miss," the youth said, ad-
vancing within a few paces of the girl before
she became aware of his presence.

The maiden started up with a confused smile
and stammered a reply. She was quite young
—possibly not over seventeen; was rather tall
and slender, but possessed of a beautiful, grace-

ful form, blue, witching eyes, a pretty face
with rosy cheeks and modest expression. She
was dressed in a plain calico dress with a clean
checked apron. Her light brown hair hung
down her back in two long braids, and her
brown hands, innocent of barbaric jewels, were
small and shapely.

George at once became forcibly impressed
with the beauty and childlike simplicity of
this modest prairie flower. He regarded her
for a moment with spell-bound admiration;
but finally recovering his usual composure, he
begged her pardon for his unceremonious in-
trusion, and then asked:

"Is the owner of the premises about?"

"I left him at the house," she replied, in a
pleasant tone, "though he was going away
soon. If you wish to see him you had better
hurry on."

George thanked her, bowed and hastened on
to the cabin. In answer to his summons, an
old lady, with a bright eye, a sharp chin, and
good-natured look appeared at the door.

"Good-morning, grandmother," said our
young peace-commissioner, tipping his hat
with his wonted politeness.

"Howdy?" was the laconic reply.

"May I inquire who resides here?" George
asked.

"To be sure, sonny; I won't hinder you."

"Then who resides here?"

"Why, we do, in course!"

"But what is your name? That's what I am
after."

"Mercy sakes! you can ax questions ekel to
a Yankee. You'll want to know my age, wit,
won't ye? But then as to our name, it's Far-
mer—papa's name is Elijah Farmer, though
folks hereabouts alers call him Uncle Lige."

"I, Uncle Lige at home?"

"Just went away. Are you one of them
chaps what's camped down on the lake?"

"I am; and I have come up to apologize for
the rashness of one of our boys yesterday in
tipping Uncle Lige into the lake."

"Oh, fiddle-dee-dum!" she exclaimed, with
a toss of her head, "don't mind that. Pap
laughed 'bout it last night, and he thinks it's
an awful good joke on him. He's goin' to
call on you us when he comes back."

"I am really glad to hear this," our friend
responded, "for if he was not offended, we may
stand a chance to hire his boats."

"Yes, you can hire the boats—he keeps 'em
for that purpose, and when he arn't here I
hire 'em out. So, if you want a boat, help
yerself and account to me."

"Thank you," said George; "we will take
the canoe to-day and the flat-boat to-night.
What will be your charges?"

"Well, let me see," she said, throwing the
dishrag over her brawny arm and making a
calculation upon her fingers. "I'll let you
have both boats at a small reduction, seein' as
I have promised Ruby a new dress 'gint a cer-
tain day, and lack a little money of havin' 'em
now. At two bits a yard, seven yards 'll
cost a dollar and fifty—no, seventy-five
cents. Five yards 'd make the dress, but then
I've promised her a stylish one with a pan-
ner and other fol-dee-rols and flub-dubs; so I'll
knock the boats down to you at two bits each,
and think you can't complain."

After he had ascertained the nominal value
of a "bit," considered in the Western sense, he
paid the money and departed, exchanging
glances with Ruby as he passed the cow-yard.
Reaching camp he reported the result of his
visit to the cabin, with our relief.

We at once made all preparations for a day's
hunt around the lake, and embarked in the ca-
noe for the opposite shore, where most of the
game seemed congregated. The water was
still, and under the vigorous strokes of three
paddles we glided rapidly across the little
sheet. Reaching a large island formed by the
lake, its inlet and a deep swamp, Jim and his
dog landed thereon, while the rest of us pushed
on and entered the inlet that was literally
swarming with ducks, geese, mud-hens and other
aquatic birds. We ensconced ourselves
among the tall reeds and for hours amused our-
selves "winging" the choicest of the fowls as
they glided over and around us.

Now and then the sullen boom of Jim's howl-
er came over from the island, telling of the
destruction of life in that direction, and of the
long list of scores that would be tallied against
us when we reached camp.

The wary fowls finally became apprised of
our locality and kept wide of our range. This
necessitated a change of position, so we pad-
dled further up the inlet and again took to the
reeds and resumed our sport.

George, who could solve an example in equa-
tion, or illustrate the theory of double-entry,
better than he could shoot a bird on the wing,
prowled the southern end of the island in his
remarks on his luck in gunning. When he had
brought down a duck more than twenty feet to
the right of the one he aimed at, he vowed that
he was fully satisfied now of a fact he had
mistaken all along—that of his gun-barrel being
crooked—having a little too much twist.

Acting upon this belief, he proceeded to prove
it by making a calculation, whenever he saw a
bird approaching, and firing to the left of it,
killing as often that way as by any other.

Finally, tiring of our day's shooting, we
gathered up our game and started back toward
camp. We touched upon the northern side of
the island for Jim; but he was nowhere to be
seen. We waited his return in vain, and when
his form appeared in sight on an eminence of
the island. We called to him to come down to
the boat and I return to camp. He motioned
us around to the east side of the island where
we supposed he had accumulated game enough
to sink the boat. We paddled around the
island, and as we approached the spot where
Jim stood leaning upon his gun, what was our
surprise to see a solitary mud-hen laying
at his side, while his dog slept at his heels.

"Where's your game, Jim?" I asked, as we
touched the shore.

Half-mortified, he glanced at his lonely
mud-hen, then at our game in the boat, and
replied:

"Well, I killed a brant, and I see you fel-
lows have only killed a few ducks."

"That's all we got, James; but where's your
brant?"

Jim looked puzzled and sour as he mumbled:
"Ben, the hungry vagrant, eat it; but I can
show the feathers."

We all indulged in a hearty laugh at our
big friend's expense, as we took him and his
dog aboard and pushed out into the lake.

"I'd advise you, James," said George, "to
put a dose of hot lead into that dog's system,
for he is a nuisance to you and a disgrace to the
canine race."

"George, if you ever expect to see the girl
you left behind you, don't cast your insinua-
tions against that pup," replied Jim. "I'll
show you yet, that he's a royal descendant of
Noah's brace of setters."

We reached our camp about two o'clock, and
after partaking of a hearty dinner on the rem-
nants of our morning meal, we employed our-
selves dressing our game for future use.

Toward the close of day George became miss-

ing from camp, and in looking about we es-
pied him leaning on the fence that composed
Uncle Lige's cow-yard, talking to the pretty
milk-maid whom he had met that morning.

Every preparation for an hour's fishing the
coming night was made. Bait was prepared,
the boat bailed out, the helm placed on its
pivot and a lantern lighted. As we repaired to
the boat, Bob, who carried the lantern, discov-
ered huge footprints in the sand near the boat.
They had been made quite recently, but by no
one of our party. Some one had been there
since nightfall, and as George had learned from
Ruby that Uncle Lige was still absent from
home, a vague suspicion that some one was
lurking around to steal something from our
camp took possession of our minds. We held a
short consultation, and finally decided that
one had better remain ashore and watch our
camp.

Taking this responsibility upon myself, the
other three at once boarded the boat and pushed
out into the lake. They were to be in in-
side of an hour, but when that time had elapsed
and the second hour was nearly gone, I began
to wonder at their prolonged absence; and,
when another hour passed, I grew uneasy
about their safety. I glanced out over the
lake in hopes of seeing the light of their lan-
tern, but all was as dark upon the lake as eter-
nity. Meanwhile, the wind had changed into
the north and was blowing a strong gale, in-
creasing my fears for the safety of my absent
friends.

The hours wore on. My watch told the hour
of twelve, and still no tidings from the fish-
ermen. I kindled a fire on the bank to guide
them should they be lost on the water. But
they came not. I shouted to them at the top
of my lungs, but only the rush of the wind and
the surge of the angry sea answered me back.

Estelle's Wedding Present.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THERE was an expression of supremest con-
tempt on Estelle Meredith's lovely face as she
looked up from the piles of costly silks that en-
veloped her like shimmering rays of light—deli-
cate, dainty shades of silks, tender apple
green, and ecrú-pearl and palest pink, and soft-
est cream, and silverest blue, while in state on
the handsome silken lounge the thick, splendid
wedding silk lay, of crystal white, and lustrous
and soft as velvet.

Estelle looked like a fairy queen on a fairy
throne, sitting among the elegant material that
comprised part of her matchless wedding
trousseau; articles of expensive virtu and regal
luxury marked her room with decided in-
dications of wealth and taste; she was young,
and beautiful, and so soon to be married to the
lover of her choice—everything conspired to
make her radiantly happy, and yet her pretty
red lips were curled with contemptuous scorn,
and her cheeks were flushing with mortifica-
tion and her blue eyes were sparkling with
something very like anger.

And the innocent cause of it all was a large
package that Forman, the footman, had
just deposited on the table.

"It is an outrageous shame—outrageous! I
never heard of such a thing—an old leather-
covered family Bible!"

Mrs. Geoffrey Meredith, the prospective mo-
ther-in-law to one of the wealthiest young men
in New York, adjusted her gold-rimmed eye-
glasses and glared wrathfully at the parcel.

Estelle's sweet, high voice rang vengefully
out.

"Who ever heard of such a thing but the
deceitful old thing himself! The idea of that
horrid uncle of yours sending me his old Bible
for a wedding present!"

Maudie De Lisle looked up from the window
where she was making satin rosettes for Es-
telle's pretty slippers.

"What—not old uncle Hiram! He have heard
you say so often was sure to give you some-
thing elegant!"

Estelle bit her lip with vexation, and Mrs.
Meredith flushed.

"That same old uncle Hiram, Maudie. Isn't
it a perfectly atrocious shame? I positively
relied on a suit of diamonds, or a set of solid
silver, or at least a blank check in Estelle's
favor."

"And he was as rich as a Jew, for all he
lived so plainly and had worn the same but-
ter-nut suit of clothes for years. I declare, mam-
ma, I'll never countenance another relation of
yours in my life."

Estelle fairly quivered with disappointment
and vexation, and pretty, interested, sym-
pathizing Maudie looked up condolingly.

"It's a shame, Stella, and if I were you I'd
pack the forlorn thing straight back to the
stingy miser. Where does he live, Mrs. Mer-
edith?"

"Live! Oh, mercy on us, Maudie, I thought
you knew he was dead—a month ago, or more.
And that is one reason why I feel so—so ac-
tually insulted by this battered, dog-eared old
book being designated as a wedding present to
my daughter."

Estelle rose from her seat on a low hassock
among the silks, showing what a graceful will-
owy girl she was.

"Well, mamma, there is no use of wasting
any more time about it. Uncle Hiram has
completed his course of eccentricity by the
meanest trick I ever heard of; and I will ac-
cept it by sending it where it belongs—in the
garret among the lumber. Ring for Forman,
please, mamma, to carry it away—there, that
is Madame Elcamier at the door to see about
my satin coutilles."

But it wasn't Elcamier; and when the foot-
man came in obedience to Mrs. Meredith's
ring, he brought the information that "two
ladies from the country, who say they are
cousins, and whose name is Davidson," were
in waiting.

Mrs. Meredith gave a little shriek of dismay.
"Heavens! Estelle, what shall we do? It
is Tryphosa and Tryphosa Davidson come to the
wedding!"

For all Maudie De Lisle was to be first brides-
maid to her darling friend Estelle, she couldn't
repress a little feminine thrust.

"Do! Why, my dear Mrs. Meredith, there
can possibly be but one thing to do. You can-
not turn your relatives out of the house."

"Of course they must remain, mamma, now
that they are here, but I do think we've had
enough of your people."

So, the good-natured, old-fashioned country-
folk were shown up to the elegant boudoir con-
secrated to Estelle's special use, and made
themselves as much at their ease as the aristo-
cratic Mrs. Geoffrey Meredith and her daugh-
ter Estelle had made themselves in the warm
summer days when they "sponged" at the hos-
pitable farm-house the thrifty sisters owned—
and when they caused it to be given out that
they were "traveling from one delightful spot
to another, just as inclination took them."

The first thing Miss Tryphosa saw, after she
was divested of her wraps and was settled
down in a silken chair, was the big package in

thick brown paper, and tied with a stout twine,
and embellished with an express company's re-
ceipt.

"That's the Bible, eh, Samantha! 'Ain't
had time to open it yet, I s'pose."

"Samantha," otherwise Mrs. Geoffrey Mer-
edith, assumed her coldest demeanor.

"We certainly are very busy, but we could
have found time to have opened it if we had
wished. We shall not trouble ourselves to
touch it; indeed I am surprised uncle Hiram
had the impudence to imagine we should have
done so."

Miss Tryphosa stared surprisedly.

"I reckon the old gentleman thought you'd
be glad to hev it, bein' as it's the same one
your great-grand'ther owned and read through
reg'lar, once a year. Most folks set store by
sech things."

Miss De Lisle tittered, and Estelle crested her
head haughtily. Mrs. Meredith brought all
her iciness to bear upon the matter.

"Fortunately, we are very superior to
'most' folks. Estelle, my dear, we will dis-
miss the distasteful subject by having the
nuisance removed if you will be kind enough
to call Forman once more."

Estelle moved slowly toward the tube,
but Miss Tryphosa's eager voice made her de-
sist in her act.

"If none of you don't want the old family
Bible, what's got the births and marriages
and deaths for nigh on a hundred and fifty
year—if none of you fine city-folk don't want
it, I do, and I'll give you another wedding pre-
sent fur it, cousin Estelle. I'll give ye fifty
dollars to buy another gimcrack, if ye'll give
me the old Bible."

Mrs. Meredith thawed visibly, and Estelle
discarded the idea of calling Forman to re-
move the obnoxious bundle, for it had sud-
denly become comparatively precious in her esti-
mation; and a gracious smile wreathed her
pretty lips, as she thought of the lovely gold
cross in Ball and Black's window, with a glow-
ing yellow topaz in either corner, whose price
was fifty dollars.

I don't wonder at your affection for the
Bible, cousin Tryphosa, but you see I hardly
need it, with the one Fred's sister will give us,
in brown Turkey morocco and silver bound,
made to order, you know, and cost three hun-
dred dollars."

"No, I don't think you will," Miss Tryphosa
answered dryly, then handed Estelle a crisp
fifty-dollar bill; and the question was settled;
and the sisters Davidson were tolerated at the
wedding, and then, after the charming bride
had gone, they took their leave and went back,
with their precious treasure, to the quiet, thrifty
farm-house.

"I wouldn't take the wrappin' paper off'n
the Bible jest yet, if I was you, Tryphosa,"
Miss Tryphosa said, a few days afterward;
"it's a comin' on fix-time, and what with the
house-cleanin' and preservin' and like as not a
load o' city com'pny, we won't hev no time to
look over it. But, in the fall, when everythin's
done and span clean, we'll take it out'n the
nice, protectin' paper coverin'—eh?"

And so the fated book was carefully laid
among the camphor-odoriferous blankets and pep-
per-sprinkled furs in the spare-room closet; and
the glad summertime went by and the world
kept on its accustomed course, and the gorgeous
autumn tints hung out their pennons over the
far-spreading Davidson farmstead, where peace
and plenty reigned; and the Indian summer days,
with golden haze between deep-blue skies and
cool, glad earth, glorified the teeming metrop-
olis where Estelle Ancester, nee Meredith, sat
among the magnificent luxuries and costly ex-
travagances of her seven-month old home—
white wain, heartiest and sad.

"It really is terrible, terrible, that Fred
should have been so unfortunate. But, as pa-
pa said, 'young men are so rash and will rush
headlong into any speculation that offers.'"

And Miss Maud De Lisle wrapped her cream
and cardinal silk scarf around her neck, and
went tripping away—heartless, indifferent,
like all the rest, since the news had obtained
that Fred Ancester had ventured—and lost—
every dollar he had in the world.

And Estelle sat there, on the last day that
she could call this palatial residence home, sat
listening to the tread of passers-by on the ave-
nue, of rolling carriages, and occasional peals
at the door-bell, to which she knew the answer
would be given, at her command:

"Not at home."

And then, Felice, her maid, came softly in,
followed by two tall, kindly-faced women,
with traces of genuine sympathy on their faces,
and genuine affection in their tones.

"She would come up, Estelle, so don't blame
the girl. She was possessed to go to see you,
because we feel it a sacred, delightful duty.
Girl, get a pair o' scissors, and fetch 'em here."

Cousin Tryphosa Davidson was spokesman,
and Miss Tryphosa had taken a seat, after a
quiet little kiss bestowed on Mrs. Ancester's
forehead, that somehow, felt the truest, most
real sympathy Estelle had known in her trouble,
and yet her inmost pride rose visibly.

"I was not expecting company," she began,
distastefully, but cousin Tryphosa interrupted
her.

"No more was we expectin' to come, until
last night, when, says I to my sister, 'let's
take Uncle Hiram's Bible down and look at it,'
and says she, 'well, we will.' So we did take
it out'n the closet, and out'n the paper that I
thought never would come off, that strong it
was pasted and tied, and then—that's why we
come."

She had gone on so glibly, then came so
flatly to an indistinct, lame conclusion, that
Estelle only elevated her eyebrows, and Miss
Tryphosa took up the lost thread decidedly.

"She means we found a package of thou-
sand dollar government bonds a-layin' on the
kiver directed to you—a hundred of 'em, with
old uncle Hiram's love. Give 'em to her, Try-
phosa, and let us go home. Oh, here comes
the gal with the scissors. Cut the package
open, and let Miss Ancester count 'em and
see if they're all there."

Estelle sat faint, dazed, bewildered by the
almost incredible story; then, as Miss Tryphosa
spread before her eyes the undoubted evidence
of her assertions, and a paper with the mes-
sage to her in the old man's crabbed hand she
knew so well, the revulsion came, and she
cried till it seemed she would dissolve in tears.

"To think—oh! to think how I behaved
about it! I wonder that God lets me live it,
now! But, I'm so glad—oh, I am so glad,
and the dear old Bible shall have the post of
honor in my parlors as long as I live!"

And she kept her word. An invalid table
of rare workmanship, and fabulous price, has the
honor of supporting the brown, shriveled vol-
umes, and a glass covers it securely.

And people wonder what it is, but Estelle
and Fred never have satisfied curiosity yet.

An impecunious individual was heard to
mutter, as he finished reading a railroad hand-
bill headed: "Through without change."
"That's the road I shall take; no fault to find
with them terms."

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"She's only a farmer's daughter,"
A stylish lady said,
With a scornful glance of her handsome eyes,
And a toss of her haughty head.

Her hands, that sparkle with many a ring,
Are as fair as the lily in hue,
They play the piano with wonderful grace—
'Tis the only work they do.

Should you hear her talk of the "lower class,"
Of their "ignorance of propriety,"
Of "her family," and of "country girls,"
And her "horror of mixed society,"

You'd suppose that among her ancestors
She boasted a duke or an earl